

# BACONIANA

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## COMMENTS

*Prudence is of no service unless it be profit.*

FRANCIS BACON

THE death of Mabel Sennett, so sudden and unexpected by her closest friends, came as a shock to all who knew her. Quiet in demeanour, patient, tolerant of bores during the years she adorned the Chair of the Francis Bacon Society's Council, she was endowed with great wisdom and knowledge. Widely read, deeply interested in all forms of philosophy and psychology, she nevertheless devoted a considerable time to the work of the Society for her greatest aim of all was to help to establish Francis Bacon upon the pillar of world-wide acceptance of the fact that he was the world's greatest philosopher and teacher and its immortal poet. She spent a lot of time in some research which she believed might lead to the discovery of his priceless manuscripts and those of the Shakespeare plays. We are the poorer by her loss. Elsewhere Miss Theobald, an old friend of hers, has written a personal appreciation.

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Whatever may be said for or against the busy city of Birmingham it certainly succeeds in bringing Francis Bacon to the fore in one way or another. In May last *Cymbeline* was included in the Stratford-on-Avon Festival programme and it gave Mr. T. C. Kemp, dramatic critic of the *Birmingham Post* a chance to air his erudition and quite rightly so. However, he slipped up in this passage to the annoyance of another Birmingham citizen, no other than Mr. Edward D. Johnson

"It is possible that *Cymbeline* was written at Stratford after Shakespeare had returned for good from the hurly-burly of London. Life seemed to have taught him that the great trinity of human virtues consists of faith, hope and charity, and that the greatest of these is charity."

Mr. Johnson was at once on the warpath and fired in a letter to the Editor in which he gave Mr. Kemp a few facts to think about. For those among us who may be forgetful his factual statements may be recorded:

"To be charitable is to be kindly in disposition and liberal. We know little about Shaksper's life but we do know the following:

1. As soon as his wife presented him with twins he deserted her and his children and went to London, remaining there eleven years and not visiting Stratford even once during that period.

2. On his return to Stratford he became a money-lender, continually suing poor neighbours in the local court for money lent.
3. Although a wealthy man, one year before he died, he joined in a conspiracy to enclose the common lands that belonged to the local inhabitants.
4. Made a will depriving his wife of all interest in his estate with the exception of a second-best bedstead.
5. Died, unwept and unsung, with no man whom he had known in London, expressing a single note of regret that he had passed away.
6. Led a mean, uneventful, sordid and immoral life without any record of a generous act or noble deed.

How can anyone reasonably apply the word 'charitable' to the character of a man with such a record?"

The Editor evidently with a view to saving the face of his dramatic critic perhaps wisely preferred not to publish Mr. Johnson's show down so we take the liberty of so doing for the information of our Birmingham friends.

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Birmingham loomed largely in the news recently for another reason. It appears that some miscreant who visited the first Theatre Exhibition at the Bingley Hall, committed an awful crime. Among the exhibits was a copy of *Hall's Chronicles* dated 1550, a rare work and said to have been insured for £50,000—ye gods! what a fantastic valuation!—carefully safeguarded in a glass case as it might well be at that price. Its value was considered to be enhanced because it had hand-written annotations in the margins which were claimed to have been in that of Will Shaksper, based on the fact that these marginal notes covered the periods of certain of the Shakespeare historical plays. Press reports stated that while the band was playing loudly this villain actually broke the glass and inserted a criticism which he attached to the work. He did not damage it, it is true, but it shocked pressmen terribly all over the country because of what the writer, who signed himself "W.B." dared to say about the Stratford idol. It was a heresy they could not stomach. This is what he wrote: "Surely by now everyone should have realised that the attempt to ascribe these plays to a half-literate man is bogus. What is the point of all this nonsense? Read 'The Mystery of Francis Bacon' by William T. Smedley, now out of print but not wholly unobtainable, and in particular Chapter XXI pages 158-159, which explodes the whole theory of Shakespeare's authorship."

An official of the Exhibition described it as an "outrage," and certainly Stratfordian susceptibilities were outraged. On the other hand such an "outrage" appears to have been extraordinarily successful in obtaining wide press publicity of the "bogus Shakespeare" at the cost of a few shillings worth of damage to a glass panel and probably no-one was more surprised than "W.B." himself. The *Birmingham Evening Dispatch* enterprisingly published a large photograph of the daughter of the owner of *Hall's Chronicles*, standing by the damaged book-case with bowed head, and under it in big display caption the headlines "VANDAL SMASHES CASE. NOTE LEFT ON £50,000 BOOK." Such is present-day stunt publicity!



Smedley, in the pages referred to by the "vandal," discusses Bacon's invariable custom of making marginal notes in books he read. He cites as one example a remarkable annotation in Shakespeare's *Rape of Lucrece* (15th stanza) where the poet literally interposed two lines of irrelevant verse to draw special attention to this habit, italicised in the six lines concerned:

"But shee that never cop't with straunger eies,  
 Could picke no meaning from their parling lookes,  
*Nor read the subtle shining secrecies*  
*Writ in the glassie margents of such bookes,*  
 Nor could shee moralize his wanton sight  
 More than his eies were open to the light"

As Smedley remarks, "It would be difficult to conceive a more inappropriate simile for the lustful look in Tarquin's eyes than 'the subtle shining secrecies writ in the glassie margents of such bookes'. That this is lugged in for a purpose outside the object of the poem is manifest". He finds the solution: "The margin of the verse itself yields a subtle shining secret! The initial letters of the lines are B, C, N, W, NM. 'Sh' is on line 103, which is the numerical value of the word Shakespeare. It is only necessary to supply the vowels—BaCoN, W. Sh. NaMe. The *Rape of Lucrece* commences with Bacon's monogram and, as the late Rev. Walter Bagley pointed out, ends with his signature." If there are educated handwriting annotations in the copy of *Hall's Chronicles*, it is odds on that the book was formerly in the long-ago dispersed library of Francis Bacon.

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It is scarcely a hazard, to advance the opinion that the copy in question was owned by Bacon. A leading article in the *Manchester Guardian* of June 15, in discussing this "outrage" mentions that the cycle of the four main historical Shakespeare plays, *viz.*, *Richard II*, the two parts of *Henry IV* and *Henry V* exactly fit the portions of *Hall's Chronicles* which the unknown had annotated long ago. The journal says that against the description of the soldier from whom Shakespeare created Bardolph is "the crude drawing of a man with a huge nose", and it further mentions "some 3,000 words some doodlings and a drawing in Shakespeare's own hand." Reverting once again to Smedley he tells us that the late Mr. W. M. Safford (who was formerly Hon. Secretary of the Society and owned the Bacon portrait probably by De Somers which was published in the last issue of *BACONIANA* by courtesy of Miss Horsey, its present owner) made a collection of nearly 2,000 volumes of works once the personal property of Bacon. "The annotations", he says, "on the margins of these books are unquestionably the work of one man, and that man, or rather boy and man, was undoubtedly Francis Bacon. The books bear date from 1470 to 1620." They included all the famous classic writers, Greek and Roman, of whom he gives a list and later famous men like Erasmus, Martin Luther, Sir Thomas More, Machiavelli, etc. "The handwriting varies", continues Smedley, "but there is a particular hand which is found accompanied by a boy's sketches.

There are drawings of full-length figures, heads of men and women, animals, birds, reptiles, ships, castles, cathedrals, cities, battles, storms, etc. . . A copy of the 'Grammaticæ Compendium' of Lactus Pomponius, a very rare book printed by De Fortis in Venice, in 1484, contains on the margins the boy's scribble and drawings, beside a number of manuscript notes'. There lies the solution one might almost say with certainty of the big-nosed soldier, scribbles and doodlings. And, moreover, do not these evidences point to the high probability that the cryptic designs of the title pages and other occult works in his own name and others were *the actual work of Bacon's own hand*? Practically all the figures Smedley mentions may be found in them. Has any student advanced this theory?

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We publish in this issue a witty article by Mrs. Myrl Bristol, an American member of the Francis Bacon Society in which the writer, criticising a previous article by Mr. R. J. W. Gentry on the subject of the early influence of the Pleiade on Francis Bacon, indulges in an orgy of flouts and jeers upon the influence of that fraternity. Mr. Gentry has said that Bacon met the men who were then carrying on the work of the original Pleiade in France. "What work?" queries Mrs. Bristol: "Reams of verses upon the peregrinations of a flea? An album of elegies upon Milady's lap dog? The early ideals of the Pleiade were nearly as moribund as the lap dog at the literary Salon of Maruerite of Navarre." In short the writer satirically impugns the contention that the Pleiade influenced Bacon and inspired him to become the hidden genius behind the scenes who devoted his life to the cause of the advancement of learning and the English Renaissance, in which among other aspects was the creation of practically a new vocabulary which has placed the English tongue paramount in the world. "Mr. Gentry plainly says that what affected England in the person of Francis Bacon was Pleiadism." The execution of this "noble design" (said he) required "the establishment of a hidden fraternity of literary men". If Pleidaism was more than a system of poetics, asks Mrs. Bristol, "why should a similar endeavour in England be environed by danger that called for secrecy?" The answer surely is that it was far more than a "system of poetics" and that the situation in England was totally different from that of France, whilst the Queen herself was opposed to the extension of learning among the *hoi polloi*. Bacon badly needed royal support both morally and financially. It was his "suit" to Her Majesty over many long years. It was his great design of "Philanthropia." Unlike the Pleiade he got no royal aid or patronage.

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Here we return once more to Smedley who devotes several chapters of his authoritative work *The Mystery of Francis Bacon* to the Pleiade and Bacon's "suit." "Francis Bacon arrived in France" he says, "at the most momentous epoch in the history of French literature. This boy . . . walked beside the English Ambassador into the highest circles of French Society at the time when the most important facts of



influence were Ronsard and his *confrères* of the *Pléiade*. He had left behind him in his native country a language crude and almost barbaric . . . ."

"The French Renaissance", he says later, "was not the result of a spontaneous bursting out on all sides of genius. It was wrought out with sheer hard work, entailing the mastering of foreign languages and accompanied by devotion and without hope of pecuniary gain." Could not exactly the same words be applied to Francis Bacon's labours for a like purpose? One more quotation may be given as a reminder to Mrs. Bristol, for it explains much:

"Marguerite of Navarre had set the example of attracting poets and writers to her Court and according honours to them on account of their achievements. The kings of France had adopted a similar attitude. During the same period in England Henry VIII, Mary, and Elizabeth had been following other courses. They had given no encouragement to the pursuit of literature. Notwithstanding the repetition by historians of the assertion that good Queen Bess was a munificent patron of men of letters, literature flourished in her reign in spite of her action and not by its aid." (pp. 58-9)

These are facts not fancy. Literature and learning were likely to undermine the Tudor claim of Divine Right and this bore largely on the historic plays of Shakespeare.

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Admirers of Mr. Alfred Dodd, who stands out supreme among living authors on the life and work of Francis Bacon, will rejoice to learn that he is slowly recovering from the severe illness which alarmed all those who knew him. His collapse may very likely be attributed to his anxiety over the long delay in the publication of his exhaustive and brilliant work, *Francis Bacon's Personal Life Story*, now on sale. He felt deeply over the prolonged delay and also when the publishers decided almost at the eleventh hour to charge 30s., for the work instead of the previously announced price of 25s., for many of his patrons had ordered copies at the former price. Alfred Dodd is a highly conscientious man and he felt he was letting his subscribers down although he had no say in the matter, and behind it, (if the writer may advance his own view), he thought he was letting down his hero Francis Bacon, for over many years he has felt himself psychologically in close sympathy with him. Although 30s. is charged for this great work, a consideration in these hard time, the book is worth every penny of it. It is a large-sized quarto consisting of 382 pages, is profusely illustrated, and is the most comprehensive story of Bacon and his times yet written by anyone who has gone outside the more conventional writers like Spedding. The volume completes Francis' life story up to the death of Elizabeth and every page is worth studying. He is prepared with a companion volume to follow up to the time of Bacon's recorded death in 1626.

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With such a painstaking work before them it is unavoidable to add some words about the press critics. Here is a classic work on Bacon, containing some unknown material such as Bacon's relationship to the Rosicrucians and their work, written by a life student of

Bacon, a freemason, and a recognised authority. Because Dodd has expatiated on Bacon's royal birth—which alone only explains the Shakespeare Sonnets intelligently—and proves that he was Shakespeare, his book has been almost boycotted by the academic-minded critics of the press with some few exceptions. *The Times* for instance has a tepid notice of no value whatever, and the same applies to most of the so-called 'high-class' dailies and weeklies, which makes one almost despair of British fairness seen through academic eyes. Those who have noticed it at all have mostly been sarcastic or colourless, or very brief. *The Tribune* (a weekly) is an exception as to length for its critic Bruce Bain has devoted over a 3-column review to the book, but is very one-sided. He says:

"For most of Mr. Dodd's book, at least, I felt no urge to challenge the high fantasy of his blood-and-thunder story. The Baconian reasoning is simple. Who is the greatest Englishman? Shakespeare, as revealed in his works. Now it is impossible that such a man should be of humble birth, the friend of actors and Bohemians, fond of drinking and gambling, unversed in Freemasonry and 'educational culture'. He is therefore invested with a respectable pedigree and a moral tone—a royal prince, a moralist, a Puritan and a Mason. With the best possible antecedents how could Bacon have failed to write the plays of Shakespeare?"

Now, this is either an ignorant or, alternatively, a dishonest resumé of the book by one who obviously can know nothing of the Stratfordian Shaksper's private life in London, for no-one does. Unfortunstely for Mr. Bruce Bain, his editor, with more courage than the *Birmingham Post*, published an article subsequently by a Mr. Eric Webb, who debunked the critic thoroughly:

"I have amassed well towards 300 books on the subject and if some of them are 'crackpot' they are less reprehensible than the forgeries which occur in orthodox Shakespearean writings. Are *Tribune* readers aware of the hundreds of forged portraits of 'Shakespeare'? Are they aware that even to-day orthodox criticism makes the name 'Shakespeare' as much of a 'mask' for other writers as do Baconians? Are they aware that at Stratford to-day the museums are full of doubtful 'relics'? Have they read how, in his editions of the 'Life' Sir Sidney Lee evolves statements of fact which begin with gentle inferences? Bruce Bain does not attempt to refute Mr. Dodd's facts."

We can leave Mr. Bain to muse over these aspersions on his criticism. The article by Mr. Gundry in this issue may make him ponder if he wants the truth and we shall send him a complimentary copy of this issue. Straws show how the wind blows and it seems as though the public is slowly becoming allergic to the Stratford idol!

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The latest invaluable booklet to add to the growing list of the Society's informative productions is *Francis Bacon versus Lord Macaulay*, by Edward D. Johnson (George Lapworth & Co. Ltd.), at the price of one shilling, 36 pages plus coloured cover. There is no avoidance of the fact that Macaulay's *Essays* are regarded yet as a classic and are widely read, whereby his malicious and largely mendacious onslaught on Bacon has poisoned the minds of an enormous number of people for well over a hundred years. It was high time that



Macaulay should be placed on the rack in turn and Mr. Johnson deserves the thanks of every fair-minded individual for his excellent and balanced *exposé* by placing all the facts against Macaulay's fictions in regard to the false charge of bribery brought against him by the contrivance of the odious Coke on behalf of the false parvenu peer, James the First's pet, Buckingham. One may wonder what would have been the outcome had Bacon resolutely refused to plead guilty to save the then tottering throne of the Stuarts. Certainly a situation of the utmost gravity to the King would have resulted and to avoid this Bacon allowed himself to be sacrificed.

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Mr. Johnson's booklet is from a comprehensive and a legal viewpoint irrefutable. Readers of Macaulay should be made wise to his irresponsibility and callous indifference to truth. Over fifty years ago Mr. Gladstone, a great scholar as well as statesman, wrote, "The judgments of Macaulay we deem harsh and his examinations superficial." and in our own days we have Mr. Churchill saying, "Macaulay, with his captivating style and devastating self-confidence, was the prince of literary rogues who always preferred the tale to the truth and smirched or glorified great men according as they affected his drama." Lord Acton, another statesman, wrote, "When you sit down to Macaulay remember that his essays are really flashy and superficial. His two most famous reviews on Bacon and Ranke show his incompetence." Had he lived in our times he would probably have made a fortune as a film producer of historical inaccuracies!

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The following is culled from the *Dundee Courier*:

### Shakespeare Shock

Scholars who interest themselves in the mystery of Shakespeare are to get a big surprise.

The borough of Southwark has always claimed that Will walked its streets and lived in one of its houses. One part of their evidence is that Edmund, his brother, is buried in the cathedral near the London Bridge.

In the London County Council survey book shortly to be published, their research expert says there is not a scrap of evidence to prove the claim and that it is not definitely established that Will and Edmund were brothers.

This will mean another big row between the Stratfordians and the Baconians.

No, *Dundee Courier*, Baconians will not make a row for they knew long ago that it was all fiction. The Stratfordians will not make a row either. They will lie low and hope no-one has noticed. Doubtful relics and fanciful stories about Shaksper's life in London form most of their stock in trade.

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In our last issue we published an article entitled "The Elizabethans," as by "Anon", for unfortunately we were unable to trace the author. This was a pity as it was a frank and outspoken point of view from rather a new angle, and the Editor cordially dislikes anonymous contributions. It has since been learnt that the writer was Mrs. Constance K. Freeman, and while offering her our apologies for the

omission may we add that those submitting articles for publication should please always place their name and address on the MS as otherwise accidents may happen? Also, while on the subject it would be a help if contributors would be so kind as to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with a manuscript for its return if the Editor is unable to accept same.—We regret that, owing to heavy demands on our space in this issue of *BACONIANA* it has been necessary to hold over Part 4 of "Bacon and Essex" by the late H. Kendra Baker, and the same applies to our Correspondence pages which have had to be curtailed.—We have received a copy of a new quarterly, *The Occult Observer* (Michael Houghton, 49a Museum Street, London, W.C.1) price 2s. 6d. It is well produced and contains among other notable features an article by John Heath-Stubbs entitled "The Mythology of Falstaff." The new periodical will be of great interest to all interested in psychology and is edited by Mr. Michael Juste.—As we are closing down for press we are also favoured with a copy of the first number of "*Rider's Review*," *A Journal of Modern Thought*, edited by Derricke Ridgway. It incorporates the "Occult Review," so well known to those interested in the subject. (Rider & Co. Ltd., 47 Princes Gate, London, S.W.7, price 2s. 6d.) It starts out with a most attractive series of articles including one entitled "Carriers" by Lord Dunsany who presents an entirely new theory of the occult origin of wars. Aldous Huxley writes on "Reflections of Progress," and Rom Landau on "Occultism." "Psychic Powers" by Laurence Bendit, M.A., M.D., is concerned with spiritual experience, and Dr. J. West, Research Officer of the Society for Psychical Research, starts a series called "Forgotten Mysteries." This new quarterly with a striking cover is extremely well got up and should prove a big success. Many Baconians are naturally interested in the psychic field as was Francis Bacon.—Can any reader please supply the following information we are asked to give a member? It has been stated somewhere that in the speech of Joan of Arc in *Henry VI*, Part II, is a close transcription of her letter to the Duke of Burgundy in 1424, which letter was not discovered until over two hundred years later. Is this an ascertained fact? We shall be greatly obliged for any information on the subject.

EDITOR.



## WILLFUL THINKING

By W. G. C. GUNDRY

*"I am firmly convinced if the whole body of SHAKESPEAREANA could be sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind, and all the worse for the sea."*<sup>1</sup>

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES(?)

IN the pages of a recent issue of *Truth*<sup>2</sup> appeared a highly intelligent article by Mr. William Kent, F.S.A., entitled "*Shakespeare—My War with the Professors*"; if the author is not a Baconian, he is certainly an opponent of rigid Shakespearean orthodoxy. He quotes in the course of his article the late Sir George Greenwood, who wrote:

"The orthodox Shakespearean faith has now assumed the position of an established religion. It has its priests, its creed, its articles, its anathemas and its excommunications. Some of its dignitaries, I grieve to say, are even following the example of those ecclesiastical persons alluded to by the late Professor Huxley, who consider themselves justified in their old-established custom of using opprobrious names to those who differ from them. Thus as 'Yah, infidel' was good enough argument for the Rationalist, so now 'Yah, lunatic' is good enough for him who diverges from the straight path of Stratfordian orthodoxy."

Mr. Kent goes on to comment:

"Professor Dover Wilson, nearly half a century later, was to demonstrate the truth of that observation. On being informed that his name must be added to the growing list of those of the orthodox faith who were unwilling to defend it on the platform, he wrote 'he will be honoured if included in your list of sane persons'."

The article also attributes to Professor Dover Wilson the statement that there are Warwickshire *sounds* in the Plays!

"Pressed to explain whether cows moo differently, sheep bleat in a peculiar tone, or the 'cock's shrill clarion' is shriller in one county than another, the Professor takes refuge in silence, as also when he is sent twenty pertinent questions to answer."

To quote Mr. Kent for a few more sentences:

"Then there is Dr. Ifor Evans of Queen Mary College, author of histories of the drama and English Literature in the Penguin Library. In the latter he wrote of Shakespeare:

<sup>1</sup>The writer is uncertain as to the attribution: there is another version of what O.W.H. said: "I firmly believe that if the whole *Materia Medica* could be sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind and all the worse for the sea": in a lecture before the Harvard Medical School.

—W.G.C.G.

<sup>2</sup>April 29, 1949

'Of his life it is enough to say that to any unprejudiced view it is clear that the Stratford man wrote the plays.'

"When invited to justify this on a public platform he is too busy. It is astonishing how busy these professors find themselves when we sceptics are about."

Mr. Kent also points out that "there has been no book written in defence of the orthodox case for over thirty years."

Thus much for the article in *Truth*; to the Editor of which publication and to its author, Mr. William Kent, I acknowledge my debt.

The faith of only those possessed of a high pedantry index can survive the strain imposed on their credulity by the orthodox pundits of Stratfordianism, as we hope to show. The commentators faced with the problem of Shaksper's want of education seek to set bounds to Shakespeare's erudition, and thus put bonds upon the meaning inherent in the Plays, and limit their implications to a purely exoteric purpose and meaning; they shackle the genius of the real Poet by seeking to identify him with the Stratford actor, of whose education we know little or nothing; they rob him (the Poet) of his authentic robes and clothe him in the unlovely rags of illiteracy in order to comply with a theory of authorship which crumbles at each new discovery in the rag-bag of Shaksper's sordid biography. Nor are they content with the few facts recorded of him, but they are fain to supplement these with the surmises which they weave with almost incredible ingenuity into their gallimaufry of conjecture.

Well did Hazlitt express the process when he wrote:

"If we wish to know the force of human genius, we should read Shakespeare. If we wish to see the insignificance of human learning, we may study his commentators."

It was the genius of Shakespeare which transmuted common everyday words into the notes of verbal rhythmic lyres, which play sweeter airs than any in the English Language: scatter these same words, alter their order and disarrange their felicitous co-ordination, and they become again just words—lightless, lifeless, and tuneless,—all their meaning dark and dead and blurred; the torch of the Poet's creative genius alone has stirred them into life and beauty; dismembered, the dry bones of language return to the dust from which they have sprung at his creative call to delight the world.

Could all this have been achieved without a great personality behind the work? are we to believe that the commonplace individual whose smug portrait (or alleged portrait) in the *First Folio* of 1623 amazes us, or whose porcine bust in Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon, disgusts us, was indeed the supreme genius of the Plays known as Shakespeare's? To admit this incredible proposition, coupled as it is with what we know of the Actor's life, is to disavow the rules of logic—to nullify reason! And yet we are told by eminent Shakespearean scholars that this is so, and by one<sup>a</sup> that to believe otherwise

<sup>a</sup>Sir Sidney Lee



is to make us fit subjects for diagnosis by professors of mental aberration—a strange world, my masters—a mad world!

“In my young days I never did apply  
Myself to love of books or sages;  
I idled all my time away, and that’s the reason why  
I’m the poet and teacher of all ages.”<sup>4</sup>  
“*Credo quia absurdum est*”

Surely it was the reverse of this mental inertia which produced the Plays? A great disciplined intellect allied to something greater yet—genius!

“The writing of books is as much a trade as the making of watches. Something more than mere ability is necessary in order to be an author.”

Or, as someone else has expressed it:

“To write well is to think well, feel and express well, and to have at the same time wit, soul, and taste.”

Walter Bagshot puts the case well:

“He must have been a man who could write them [the Shakespeare Plays]; he must have had the thoughts which they express, have acquired the knowledge they contain, have possessed the style in which we read them . . . It may be said that Shakespeare’s works could only be produced by a first class imagination working on a first rate experience.”

Can we believe that the person represented by the Stratford bust was this supreme verbal artificer?

“A hollow form with empty hands.”

(*In Memoriam*, Tennyson)

Professor Abel Lefranc<sup>5</sup> expresses the problem aptly where he writes:

“But the main difficulty, felt by all, who have found themselves unable to accept the traditional view of Shakespeare’s identity, is that it demands our acceptance of two psychological miracles, first the transformation of the Stratford youth into the cultured poet of aristocratic outlook, and, second, his re-transformation into the Stratford bourgeois magnate.”

Here is another doubter, who belongs to the Eighteenth Century,

John Upton<sup>6</sup>, Prebendary of Rochester:

“I have often wondered with what kind of reasoning anyone could be so far imposed on as to imagine that Shakespeare had no learning; when it must at the same time be acknowledged that, without learning, he cannot be read with any degree of understanding or taste”

Surely Shaksper was but a mute swan and did not—could not,

<sup>4</sup>The first line by Shakespeare, the rest by a comedian (name unknown): see Sir George Greenwoods *Is there a Shakespeare Problem?* p. 166, Note.

<sup>5</sup>In *Sous le Masque de William Shakespeare*, Vol. I.

<sup>6</sup>*Critical Observations on Shakespeare* (1746): see Sir George Greenwood’s *Is there a Shakespeare Problem?* p. 167, Note.

"warble wood notes wild" (or otherwise): nor could "our Eliza or our James" have derived any gratification from the dramatic flights of the "Sweet swan of Avon;" we must seek the authentic bird on the banks of the Ver, and not in Warwickshire,—even if we have to rob the Shakespeare Trust of some of its dividends, and Stratford-on-Avon of one of its chief attractions!

The average Shakespearean critic with the usual outlook has erected an iron curtain of orthodoxy between the truth about Shakespeare and the life of the commonplace actor from Stratford-on-Avon, one William Shaksper,—“a deserving fellow”—deserving of what? to be enshrined in the Temple of Fame, or to be esteemed merely as the very ordinary person which the biographical details discovered in centuries of research reveal?

Listen to some of the fiction which the myth produces. Professor Sir Walter Raleigh tells us:—

“The formal study of Logic and Rhetoric left a deeper impression on his mind (than that of the classics) and gave him keen delight. *Love's Labour's Lost* is a carnival of pedantry; and just as a clown must needs be a good acrobat, so he who shows such skill in deriding these gymnastics of the intellect proves himself to have been carefully exercised in them.”

Shakespeare was not the only one to indulge in “a carnival of pedantry” and thus expose himself to possible derision!

The most sinister aspect of orthodox Shakespearean scholarship is its Stratfordian complacency: no anomaly between the life of the Actor, William Shaksper, and the Author, Shakespeare, no argument on behalf of Baconian authorship, no palpable reason however cogent against the commonly accepted view will move its urbane serenity:—

“*Quare impedit?*”

On the one side is the so called voice of enlightened scholarship; on the other, the vapourings of vapid Baconians: that is the orthodox viewpoint!

And yet the orthodox differ among themselves and advance mutually destructive theories, particularly as regards the Author's learning, or lack of it.

The windows of integrity must be opened wide to descry the truth: “ignorance is a privation, error a positive act.”

This is what Professor Dover Wilson writes in his *The Essential Shakespeare*, published in 1945:

“Almost any conceivable interpretation may be placed upon the slender data of his career before 1592, and almost every conceivable interpretation has been. Fortunately we know enough of the general life of Stratford and of the immediate circle in which he moved as a child to be able to rule out some of the extravagancies, and in particular the assumption, which as we saw underlies Sidney Lee's standard biography and which he derived from Halliwell-Phillips, that Shakespeare was an ill-educated butcher-boy—‘all but destitute of polished accom-



plishments' is Halliwell-Phillips' phrase—whose education stopped at thirteen and who did not leave Stratford until he was twenty-three

"We should naturally picture him attending the free grammar school of Stratford, where he would have received a good education according to the ideas of the age. On the other hand, there is not a tittle of evidence to prove he went there, and an ardent Catholic might well seek other means for the education of his son than instruction at the hands of a Protestant school-master who was also a clergyman.

"However this may be, it is certain that the mature Shakespeare had somehow picked up as good an education in life and the world's concerns as any man before or since, and had acquired, if 'small Latin and less Greek,' enough to enable him to read and brood over his beloved Ovid in the original.

"It is also, I think, clear that if the author of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* knew his middle classes well, the author of *Love's Labour's Lost* had made himself equally familiar with the life, and manners and conversation of the ladies and gentlemen of the land."

It will be noted that the writer of the above does not agree with the views on Shaksper's (or Shakespeare's) education as expressed by Sir Sidney Lee and Halliwell-Phillips in the former's "standard biography" of the Poet: these conflicting scholars remind one of a similar and mutually destructive contest described by Robert Burton in *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, and taken from Pliny:

"The more they contend, the more they are involved in a labyrinth of woes, like the elephant and dragon's conflict in Pliny; the dragon got under the elephant's belly, and sucked his blood so long, till he fell down upon the dragon, and killed him with the fall, so both were ruined."

On the subject of Shaksper's alleged education at Stratford Grammar School, for which according to Professor Dover Wilson, "there is not a tittle of evidence," we will quote from Edgar I. Fripps' *Shakespeare Studies* (1930) where it will be noted that the latter calmly assumes attendance there, and not only this, by some mysterious process (telepathy?) known only to himself, is able to inform us as to Shaksper's mental attitude to his scholastic studies; just listen (or read) this:

"Among the foggy fallacies which darken Shakespeare from us is the notion, widespread and unpardonable, that he acquired his knowledge of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, not from the original, but from a clownish translation, not unknown to him, by Arthur Golding, published in 1566.

"I think my reader, who will take the pains to look up the references in both Ovid and Shakespeare, will agree with me that Shakespeare, as he should after seven years at an excellent

Latin School, knew his school book from end to end, and what is more to the purpose, *loved it.*"

And so this unsubstantial Shakespearean structure of surmise is raised into the cloudy habitat of these guessers, like the "topless towers of Ilium" or, perhaps, to seek a more concrete and homely illustration, like the giddy tower which William Beckford erected at Fonthill Abbey, and fated like that Folly, to fall in irremediable ruin!

In conclusion the writer would respectfully enter a *caveat* against dogmatism and prejudice in our own ranks.

Baconians, being human, are liable to prejudice, but we must avoid being entrapped, as many of our opponents are, by too rigid an outlook on the problem which confronts us in pursuit of "The Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth."

Baconianism, like liberty, will not be ensnared by a written constitution; for the main object of the Francis Bacon Society is the pursuit of Truth: in this quest no one should be unduly concerned in airing a fad, or propping up a fancy, or maintaining a foolish prejudice, however time-honoured it may be; to do so would be to emulate the ostrich-like attitude of our Stratfordian opponents and to be subdued to what we work in—"like the dyer's hand." There is nothing more acceptable to a genuine and scholarly inquirer than the sudden revelation of a long hidden truth which has hitherto been overlaid and suppressed by "the mute omnipotence of prejudice."

"The source of falsity is the herd-mind."

(HEIDEGGER in *das Man*)



# THE PLÉIADE AND FRANCIS BACON

By MYRL BRISTOL

“ANY man that can write may answer a letter;” answering “the master of the letter,” however, is not easy. For that reason my comment upon the respective articles of Mr. Johnson and Mr. Gentry was negative to what they said, not to what they meant. I do not yet know what they meant.

Had I said that the aforesaid gentlemen made suggestions which were untrue “like the Stratfordians” (which I did not, for in a cozy bickering among ourselves why bring in the Stratfordians?) they would have ignored the accusation as being just too monstrous. But no, I merely said that the statements to which I took exception were false. That brought results. Mr. Johnson has now more narrowly circumscribed his ground and, as the children say in the game, he is “getting warm.”

In the revised version it now appears “certain that Bacon met the young men (not noticeably afflicted with the poetic furor) such as De Thou (in later life a lawyer, magistrate, councillor of state—wrote some Latin verse), De Plessis (religious leader, the trusted adviser of Henry of Navarre until 1593 when, upon the latter’s being crowned as Henry IV, he retired to devote himself to writing), and others (Who?) who were then carrying on the work of the original Pléiade (What work? Reams of verses upon the peregrinations of a flea? An album of elegies upon the death of Milady’s lap dog? The early ideals of the Pléiade were nearly as moribund as the lap dog.) at the Literary Salon of Marguerite of Navarre (Marguerite of Valois, the divorced wife of Henry of Navarre, did not preside over a Salon during the time of Bacon’s residence in France.) as Bacon on his arrival at once entered the highest circles in French Society (Ah, ze différence! The barbarisme of the language, no doubt, constrained English men and women to speak out the unspeakable with healthy frankness, rather than veil it in a prurient Platonism. In French, la chasse of a beautiful Fair One, no matter whose, was pursuit of the GOOD—for is not the Good the Beautiful?—See L. C. Keating, “Studies on the Literary Salon in France, 1550-1615,” *Harvard Studies in Romance Languages*, Vol. XVI, at the time when the most important people of influence were Ronsard (Ronsard, totally deaf from youth—fortunately for him, perhaps, if he frequented many of these later Salons—had retired from Paris; it might not be far wrong to say, “had retired in disgust.”) . . . and his then confreres of the Pléiade (who were only paying lip-service to good “old Ronsard.”) . . .”

Likewise, Mr. Gentry, if he will reconsider his own words, will, no doubt, concede that he did maintain the view which I took to be his meaning. When he writes (“Bacon and the English Language,” *BACONIANA*, Spring ’48); “He was deeply impressed by their toil . . .

and came home, in 1579, imbued with a zeal to do the same for English letters," and follows immediately with, "We may regard the date of Bacon's return as the beginning of the Renaissance in this country," does he not say, in effect, that it was Bacon's zeal which brought the result? And, taking note of "the happy accidents of historical circumstance" only to discount them as "having established *incidentally* the *forcing* ground of literature," he goes further: "To maintain that the factors just mentioned (the "happy accidents") simply produced the conditions in which genius might flourish . . . leaves one to assume that genius was already latent, waiting to burgeon . . . ."

In other words, we must demonstrate that a particular literary movement is of necessity the flower of its own age and of no other, a proposition which has been demonstrated over and over again, has generally been accepted as true of all kinds of movements—social, political, economic, religious—with the additional fact, namely, that no sort of movement is intelligible unless considered in its relationship to other movements of the period. "It would be more difficult to prove this," Mr. Gentry maintains, "than to substantiate the case for the English Renaissance as having been *conceived and executed by one man*." That is what he *said*!

It is difficult to answer "the master of the letter." I no longer suspect Mr. Gentry of being a Hermetic Adept. I think he is an honest man, who means what he says. But does he say all that he means? He says clearly enough that something "hit" England c. 1579 that set a great many tongues to wagging. A similar phenomenon had appeared in France in 1549, and judging from the unanimity—same words, same ideas—one might advance the theory that one man wrote all the works of the Pléiade; and those of their enemies, as well. Mr. Gentry plainly says that what affected England in the person of Francis Bacon, was Pléiadism. It was from France that he came home with a "noble design" in mind, the execution of which required the "establishment of a hidden fraternity of literary men." Had he encountered such a "hidden fraternity" in France?

Mr. Gentry says—or does he?—that Pléiadism was more than a system of poetics, more than an endeavour "to elevate their own language to a dignity and grace comparable to those of the Greek and Roman tongues." If it were this and nothing more, why should a similar endeavour in England be environed by "danger that called for caution and secrecy?"

Exactly what was the "rare and unaccustomed project" in the carrying out of which Lord Burghley had refused him assistance? Was it the founding of "a secret society of men dedicated to his grand purpose?" *i.e.* "*doing for this country what the Pléiade had done for France*?" Or was it that Burghley, unwilling that the language of England should be elevated, refused him the funds for finding the men to elevate it, and he was compelled, therefore, to resort to the practices of the Rosicrucians, to do good by stealth, and thereby he "avoided the inquisition of church or state"? What



is behind all this—this using a sledge hammer to crack a nut? What could there be in the effort to propagate the intricacies of a *chanson*, *rondeau*, or *madrigal* that the authorities could possibly regard as inimical to church or state? What had the Pléiade done for France? Had they a philosophy in their lyricism? Possibly a programme, social or political? That is an idea new to me; and interesting, if true. I never heard that the original Pléiade, or even their decadent successors, had any covert purposes, or any philosophy so ponderous as "the relief of man's estate"—except in so far as bringing men back to an enjoyment of visible nature, the birds and the bees, unvexed by questions like "Whence came we?", is a considerable relief. So far, however, I understand what Mr. Gentry has said: the "grand purpose" of Bacon was identical with that of the Pléiade; but I don't understand what he has not said.

And I don't understand about the Rosicrucians—but then, who does? Whence came they? Native growth or transplanted by Bacon? And how came they into this discussion? If Bacon's "noble design" was carried out with the assistance of that secret Brotherhood—"We have seen that Bacon founded a secret society . . ."—then the Brothers must have been in full accord with his "purpose." Are we to understand that the secret society he founded was the Rosicrucian Brotherhood? or another society which he founded with their help? Mr. Gentry does not *say* this, but his implication is so strong as to almost amount to a statement.

There is another hiatus in Mr. Gentry's statement which we can bridge only by guessing at his implicit meaning. And here, again, the juxtaposition of ideas is so close that we can hardly escape the conclusion that since the "purpose" of the Rosicrucians coincided with that of Bacon and the Pléiade, then the Pléiade were Rosicrucians. Or another possibility—did Bacon, a Rosicrucian, with the help of a group of paid workers, simply make use of his knowledge of their secret arts—particularly the use of cipher in books—without their being necessarily a party to his purpose? But that seems improbable. Every Rosicrucian in England and abroad, if those *were* Rosicrucian ciphers and "subtile means of spreading their wisdom," would know the secret at once. It confirms the assumption that the Rosicrucians were hand in glove with him. If they had not been, what would have happened?

Maybe this is mere sophistry; or maybe there is something wrong with one of these premises. I am not asking questions merely to be disagreeable. I am merely asking: Was Bacon's *amor primus* Rosicrucianism? and did he "fall in love" in France—at the Salon of Marguerite of Navarre? (cf. my letter, BACONIANA, Summer, '48, concerning his *amor primus*, its implied connection with the service of Elizabeth, and with some hidden cause of his difficulties in obtaining the solicitorship.) This is no idle question. In American slang-  
uage, it really is "the \$64 question."

This all has a tremendous bearing upon the Bacon-Shakespeare question. Much might be said positively (but I am on the negative

(continued on page 153)

# SHAKESPEARE AND CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY

By STEWART ROBB

THE first printed praise we know of the name of Shakespeare extols him as a dazzling light of Cambridge University.

This praise is found in *Polimanteia*, a Cambridge-printed work published in 1595, dedicated to the Earl of Essex, and authored by "W.C." whom the Bodleian Catalogue identifies as William Clerke. The work is in two sections, the second being a monograph to contemporary men of learning in England, a paean of praise in the form of a letter purportedly written by "England" to her "Three Daughters, Oxford, Cambridge, and Inns of Court." Throughout the text and printed margins of this letter appear the names of about thirty of "England's Grandchildren" as they are called, whose *alma mater* was one or another of the aforementioned educational institutions. The proud tenor of the letter is that these three great thirst-quenching fountains of learning are blessed for having mothered such lovely lights of letters. And this is the sole theme of the work.

Shakespeare is listed among these lights. In the printed margin of the text we read

All Praiseworthy  
Lucrecia, Sweet  
Shakespeare, Eloquent  
Gaveston, Wanton  
Adonis, Watson's  
heyre.

The great poet is unmistakeably limned in these lines. Two years before they were published, he had made his debut with his "wanton" *Venus and Adonis*, which he called "the first heir of my invention," and followed this up in 1594 with *The Rape of Lucrece*. Both works are mentioned in the margin. "Eloquent Gaveston" is a character in *Edward the Second*, a splendid play, which was first attributed to Marlowe two years after his death, but which some even orthodox Shakespearians believe was written by the mightier master. Calling Shakespeare "Watson's heyre" is precious praise indeed for an alumnus. Thomas Watson, who had died the year before the birth of *Venus and Adonis*, was one of the most learned poets ever to wield a pen, wrote Latin, Greek and English verse with equal facility, and accomplished a veritable *tour-de-force* in turning the Greek drama of *Antigone* into Latin. So the author of *Polimanteia*, in donning Shakespeare in Watson's mantle, is paying specific tribute to the new poet's *classical scholarship*.

Sir George Greenwood, commenting on the Letter to the Universities, writes: "It is clear that W.C. couples Shakespeare with



Marlowe and Watson, both university men, and conceives of him as being himself a member of one of the Universities, and presumably, of one of the Inns of Court also. This is not a little significant, especially when we remember that the book was published in 1595, only a few months after the *Lucrece* of 'Sweet Shakespeare'."

It is worth noting that the author of the Letter to the Universities was himself a scion of Cambridge. His scholarship has never been impeached, and his accuracy has never been questioned. His monograph deals exclusively with illustrious University men of his own day and age. "He was familiar with his learned contemporaries" says Dr. Grosart, who issued a reprint of the work. There is every reason to believe, then, that W.C. knew exactly what he was talking about, and that when he hailed "Sweet Shakespeare" as an alumnus of Cambridge he spoke whereof he knew. But, as it is on record that at that time no author of *that name* went to Cambridge—or to any of the other Universities eulogized—the conclusion is inescapable that the name William Shakespeare is simply a pseudonym.

Was the pseudonym one taken by a certain very famous contemporary of W.C.? Let us see. In 1595 Francis Bacon was thirty-four years old and already a name of note. He was a graduate of Cambridge,<sup>1</sup> of the Inns of Court, was a member of the Bar, had transacted important diplomatic business abroad as associate of the Ambassador to France, since 1584 had been a Member of Parliament and was still on upward wing. "W.C." had not only heard of him, he had gone to Cambridge with him, and had dedicated his *Polimanteia* to the Earl of Essex, at that time a very near friend of Bacon's. Yet despite the fact that the Letter from England was written to glorify Albion's Universities and their children, the name of the famous Beacon light does not so much as appear therein.

This curious omission, while not enough by itself to prove that W.C. had already praised Bacon under the name of Shakespeare, is well worthy of comment. Even a straw tends to bend in the direction towards which the breeze is blowing, and we should watch the way it points. If one is on the track of truth, the smallest wisps of fact point in the right direction. At any rate, what is certain from the *Polimanteia* is that the author of the plays was a University offspring. We know that Bacon was. We also know that Shaksperc of Stratford was not.

Shakespeare scholars prefer to ignore the embarrassing *Polimanteia*, or if they find it cumbering their path, to step over it gingerly. (To keep their faith they should!) No doubt the slight is subconscious. But it is none the less real, for if they were to attempt to explain the well-informed contemporary reference to the author of the plays as a college-bred writer, they might be forced to admit that their adored dramatist did not "warble his native wood-notes wild" but took the time to go up to Cambridge, where he acquired

<sup>1</sup>Biographers of Bacon do not tell us that he graduated from Cambridge, but the Librarian of Trinity College informed Alicia Leith that he was granted his M.A. a year after his matriculation.

some of the learning which shines throughout the plays. He took the time, and he studied, for there is no royal road to learning. The Shakespeare scholars are well aware that the runaway from Stratford did not take the time, and that he did not have the time to take. They are also well aware that the best that uncertain tradition can tell is that his schooling was scant.

Such is the external evidence that Shakespeare was a University man. The internal is no less powerful, and has been allowed by some of the most conservative critics. Let us turn to some of their comments on the quality and the kind of learning displayed in the works of the Bard. First to be considered will be the early works, for, as Coleridge says, "A young author's first work almost always bespeaks his recent pursuits."

Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke, whose valuable Shakespeare Concordance is still consulted, say of the first two poems from their author's pen:

*Venus and Adonis* and the *Lucrece* bear palpable tokens of college elegance and predilection, both in story and in treatment. The air of niceness and stiffness, almost peculiar to the schools, invests these efforts of the youthful genius with almost unmistakable signs of having been written by a schoolman. Then his famous acquaintance with college terms and usages makes for the conclusion that he had enjoyed the privilege of a University education.

Halliwell-Phillips, Cambridge graduate, and author of several learned works about Shakespeare and his times, writes in similar vein:

It is extremely improbable that a poem so highly finished and so completely devoid of *patois* as is the *Venus and Adonis* could have been produced under the circumstances of his then domestic surroundings.

Look from the poems to the plays and the story is the same. *Love's Labour's Lost* is the earliest of the dramas, according to most scholars. Therefore it is the nearest in point of time to its author's school days. Now, of all Shakespeare's dramatic works this court comedy is the most scholarly—to the point of dazzling. Pedantic puns, in English, Latin, and French, together with other learned abstrusities, interrupt even the action of the story. The French Shakespearian scholar Stapfer complains perhaps rightly that *Love's Labour's Lost* is "overburdened with learning, not to say pedantic," and Dr. Dover-Wilson, one of the best-known living Shakespeare critics, is so exasperated at the incomprehensibility of the actor from Stratford turning out a play like this, that he exclaims:

To credit that amazing piece of virtuosity to a butcher-boy, who left school at thirteen, or even to one whose education was only what a grammar-school and residence in a little provincial borough could provide, is to invite one either to believe in miracles or to disbelieve in the man from Stratford.



There is more that is surprising to consider. The Bard's works betray not only an overload of academic learning, but a strange pre-occupation with University life. In his earliest plays the Universities were much on his mind. Professor Arthur Gray, in his appreciation published in *A Book of Homage to Shakespeare*, observes: "In the decade 1590 to 1600 there is ample evidence that Shakespeare was profoundly interested in academic life, and even had a rather particular acquaintance with the usages and parlance of English Universities. His plays of that time are full of University matters. The scene is laid in France or Germany or Italy—at Rheims, or Wittenberg or Padua—or he conjures up a fanciful 'academe' in Navarre. . . . Shakespeare's University plays are all of his earlier dramatic time."

One Stratfordian believes he can explain this seeming anomaly. Professor Frederick Boas, in his *Shakespeare and the Universities*, says:

Probably there was no place in England after Stratford and London, so well known to the dramatist as Oxford. It was the chief halting-place on one of the two high-roads between his birth-place and the Capital, and he must often have halted there on the professional visits already mentioned, or on private journeys to and fro. He would naturally put up at one or other of the local hostelries, and his intimacy with the family of John Davenant, the landlord of a tavern in Cornmarket Street, has been a well-established tradition from the time of Aubrey and Anthony Wood.

Then, somewhat inconsistently, Professor Boas overthrows his own suggestion as to how Shakespeare may have acquired his familiarity with University life. In the same book, he relates in some detail, how the travelling players on their visits to Oxford and Cambridge, appeared under the auspices of the civil and not of the University authorities. Why should the latter assist vagrant actors, poor trash, to whom were denied even the rights of Christian burial! The University professors who approved of play-acting by students within the sacred precincts had little but hostility and contempt for commercial players. When the companies came to the University towns the vice-chancellors regularly bought them off. Even the Earl of Leicester's Company was paid off this way. And woe to the University student caught attending one of the shows. He was summarily thrown into prison or chastised corporally in public. So it is not likely that Shakspeare the actor was a witness from within of much University life. Such are the facts recorded by Professor Boas, who concludes:

Considering the attitude of the University authorities, and of academic dramatists, towards professional players, it is hard to conceive of Shakespeare as a guest of a college hall . . . Neither *Hamlet* nor any other Shakespeare play can have been acted at Oxford during Elizabeth's reign with the consent of the Academic authorities, much less under their auspices . . . Thus, when the

1603 quarto speaks of *Hamlet* having been acted in the two Universities, we must interpret the words to mean nothing more than in the two University towns.

In his appreciation, *Shakespeare at Cambridge*, Arthur Gray, himself of that University, writes: "Oxford City must have been familiar to Shakespeare in his frequent journeys between Stratford and London, but it is an odd fact that the University usages and phrases which he was acquainted with are those of Cambridge rather than Oxford." An odd fact indeed, to one holding the Stratfordian point of view. Shakspeare the actor, who should have known Oxford, in the plays knows Cambridge instead! But the fact is not odd to a Baconian, who is aware that Francis Bacon had every reason to know Cambridge better than Oxford, for Cambridge was where he studied, and therefore the University whose "usages and phrases" he knew.

Cambridge recognizes Cambridge when it peeps through the plays. Professor Gray observes with surprise: "To Cambridge ears there is a familiar ring in the line of Titus Andronicus:

'Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps.'

'Keep' in the sense 'dwell' is, of course, common enough in Elizabethan English. But in its association with 'study' I think that it had its suggestion in Cambridge parlance. 'Study' was the required Cambridge name for the closet space allotted to the individual student in the common room."

Other exclusively Cambridge expressions are found in the plays. One set of these expressions must have particularly impressed the mind of young Bacon. As a candidate for a Cambridge degree he was required to maintain a logistic dispute, which disputation was called "The Act." If successful in this tilt, he was said to "commence in Arts," "and the ceremony at which he was so admitted was, and is, called at Cambridge, 'the Commencement.' If the candidate went to a higher degree he was said to 'proceed'."

Professor Gray comments on Shakespeare's use of these expressions: "'Commence' and 'act' seem to have an inevitable attraction for one another, the one word suggesting the other, not always consciously." This Cambridge usage is found in fat Falstaff's praise of sack as a furbisher-up of scholarship:

"Learning is a mere hoard of gold till sack commences it  
And sets it in act and use."

And in the Second Part of *Henry IV*, personified Rumour boasts:

"I . . . still unfold

The acts commenced on this ball of earth."

Again, in the Second Part of *Henry IV*,

"As Ascanius did,

When he to madding Dido would unfold

His father's acts commenced in burning Troy."

A still more typical example of Cambridge phraseology lives in *Lear*. When the old King comes from daughter Goneril to daughter



Regan, he utters words which Professor Gray described as "the clearest evidence that it was from Cambridge, not from Oxford that Shakespeare learnt University phrases." The ill-treated old man wails to Regan: "'Tis not in thee . . . to scant my sizes." Professor Gray comments: "'Size' is the Cambridge word for a certain quantity of food or drink privately ordered from the buttery, and traces its origin to the old assize of bread and ale. The word and its derivatives, 'sizar,' 'a sizing,' and the verb 'to size' are quite peculiar to Cambridge and its daughter Universities of Dublin, Harvard and Yale. . ."

He further explains: "The 'abatement' of sizes was a College punishment, alternative to 'gating,' to which there seems to be an allusion in Lear's next words 'to oppose the bolt against my coming in'."—(*Shakespeare at Cambridge.*)

Here are odd facts as plentiful as blackberries. And they are facts that puzzle the Stratfordians, *particularly those of Cambridge.* Professor Boas exclaims of certain University expressions used by Timon: "Here the misanthropist talks as if he had graduated on the banks of the Cam." And again, of Falstaff: "The terms come as aptly to the lips of the hedonist as the misanthropist." Lear's language he finds "even more peculiarly reminiscent of Cambridge." And he also comments wonderingly: "In his allusion to University education he (Shakespeare) seems curiously concerned with its expense." But as the learned author of *Polimanteia* is evidence for the fact that Shakespeare *was* a University graduate, what is curious about such concern? Such concern was natural to Francis Bacon and his brother Anthony. During their last term at Cambridge they were so short of money they had to cut down on the number of books bought. But perhaps they were extravagant, for Whitgift's records show that in a period of six months they bought twenty-four pairs of shoes! Small wonder the author of the plays was "curiously concerned" with University expenses. The matter becomes mysterious only to those who attribute the plays to the actor from Stratford, and disregard competent contemporary evidence.

But blithely say some who would like to explain away these undeniable facts—Shakespeare *somehow* picked up his remarkable knowledge of University life. This is easy to say, and hard to believe. If the knowledge were simply stumbled upon, why did not Shakespeare stumble upon knowledge of Oxford University instead of inside knowledge of Cambridge? It is from high-priest Stratfordians, not heretical Baconians that we learn that the actor had every reason to know Oxford better than Cambridge, but the proof of the pudding—in this case the plays—baffles even these pontiffs.

Knowledge may be of two kinds: that inadvertently or that deliberately acquired. If the knowledge is of the inadvertent kind, if it is picked up by one who just happens to be in a certain place and is thrown in with certain people, we should expect it to be of casual quality. In which case Oxford expressions should figure in the plays at least as much as Cambridge expressions. Probably much more. But the truth is the other way round, and the Cambridge terms used

are used with an involuntary precision, so much so as to make Cambridge men marvel.

A playwright friend of mine made an objection to me on this head, saying he had written a realistic scene about race-track characters without ever having been on a race-track. However, he had gone after the specific knowledge he required, for the sake of being able to put it into the mouths of his race-track characters.

Then is the Bard's knowledge of Cambridge life, in like manner, purposefully gone after? If purposefully gone after, we should expect purpose in its use. And of conscious purpose there is none. A purposeful use of picked-up knowledge would be, for instance—as in the example just given—if a novelist or playwright were to consort with characters from certain walks and professions so that he might make his pictures more true to life, and the dialogue more realistic.

But Shakespeare's knowledge of Cambridge life is not used to that end. He does not put Cambridge "jargon" into the mouths of Cambridge characters. Far from it! He does a strange thing! He puts it into the mouths of Timon of ancient Athens; Tamora, Gothic Queen of ancient Rome; Lear of ancient Britain, and Falstaff of ancient sack. No wonder Professor Boas exclaims of Greek Timon: "The misanthropist talks as if he had graduated on the banks of the Cam."

So, we may say of the Bard what the suspicious said to Peter: "Thy speech bewrayeth thee." It can easily do so. To instance: in 1932, shortly after coming to the United States to live, I happened one day to be in the New York Central Library enquiring about a certain book. I was saying a few words to the librarian about the scarcely decipherable classmark on a filing card, when he interrupted me with, "You're Canadian, aren't you?" "Yes. How did you know?" I exclaimed. He smiled at my surprise. "Because you said *zed* instead of *zee*." Both the English and the Canadians pronounce the last letter of the alphabet zed, but my accent was too like that of an American for me to be English, therefore the librarian rightly judged me to be a Canadian.

One uttered letter of an alphabet was enough to reveal what land I had come from. How much more then do certain words strewn throughout the plays reveal, not simply what land Shakespeare was of, but what town in that land he lived in, and what town within that town. For Cambridge is a town within a town, a culture within a culture, and speaks a language within a language. In this tiny island of erudition the poet learned to use certain words not understood by outsiders, and these words he never forgot. They became a subconscious part and parcel of his being, and hence of his utterance. That is why they are heard in the unlikely voices of Timon, Titus, Lear, and tun-bellied Falstaff. Shakespeare's speech is a speech that bewrayeth.

But there is more yet of Cambridge life in the plays, more than merely patois. The Bard borrowed a professor of Cambridge for use as a comic character in one of his most laugh-provoking plays. One



of the principal characters in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is a certain hot-tempered Dr. Caius,<sup>1</sup> whose pet aversion is a Welsh parson, Sir Hugh Evans. In the first scene in which we meet him he is in a towering rage. In the last scene, in which we leave him, he is again in a towering rage. In between times he is scarcely ever out of it. His fingers are always itching to pull out his rapier and pink his foe—and for the most picayune reasons.

We first meet the irascible doctor in the scene where he comes home unexpectedly to find young Simple, Slender's servant, hiding in his closet. The lad meant no harm, and hid only in fear of the doctor, at the warning urgency of the doctor's housekeeper, Mistress Quickly. The doctor goes to the closet for some simples and finds Simple instead:

*Caius*: O diable, diable! vat is in my closet? Villain! larron!

(Pulling Simple out.) Rugby, my rapier!

*Quickly*: Good master, be content.

*Caius*: Wherefore shall I be content-a?

*Quickly*: The young man is an honest man.

*Caius*: What shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

*Quickly*: I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic. Hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.

*Caius*: Vell.

*Simple*: Ay, forsooth; to desire her to—

*Quickly*: Peace, I pray you.

*Caius*: Peace-a your tongue. (To Simple.) Speak-a your tale.

*Simple*: To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage."

The doctor will hear no more. On the spot he determines to challenge the Welsh parson to a duel:

*"Caius*: Sir Hugh send-a you? Rugby, baille me some paper.

(To Simple) Tarry you a little-a while."

While he writes his challenge, Mistress Quickly takes the opportunity to whisper to Simple:

"——to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it,—my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there."

Dr. Caius has finished penning his challenge, and now he can explore:

"——You jack'nape, give-a this letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge; I will cut his troat in de park; and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make. You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here.—By gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog. (Exit Simple).

*Quickly*: Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

<sup>1</sup>The Latin name of Caius must have been University-given.

*Caius*: It is no matter-a ver dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of de Jarteer to measure our weapon.—By gar, I will myself have Anne Page."

And so he exits, in a storm of his own making. Later, when awaiting his foe in a field near Windsor, he is disappointed, for mine host of the Garter, fearing trouble, has appointed the two duellists contrary places. The peppery doctor is fuming:

"*Caius*: Jack Rugby!

*Rugby*: Sir?

*Caius*: Vat is de clock, Jack?

*Rugby*: 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

*Caius*: By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible well, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

*Rugby*: He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

*Caius*: By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack, I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

*Rugby*: Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

*Caius*: Villainy, take your rapier.

*Rugby*: Forbear; here's company."

And the timely arrival of good-natured company may have saved Dr. Caius' own man from a permanent puncturing!

This portrait is a portrait from life, and from *Cambridge life*. Such a character lived in that University in the days of the Bard. He was a doctor, and his cognomen was Caius—latinized from Kaye shortly after he first went up to Cambridge as a student. This remarkable personage spent much of his time in Europe, principally in France, Italy and Germany, looking for original texts of Galen and Hippocrates. While in Italy, he took a medical degree from Padua University. In 1559 he accepted the mastership of Gonville Hall, upon the death of Thomas Bacon. He refounded it, under the name of Gonville and Caius College, enlarged its foundation, and endowed it with several considerable estates. He must have had a special antipathy to Welshmen, "for in the ordinances of the college founded by him, Welshmen are expressly excluded from the privileges of fellowship."

He was as choleric as his comic namesake. Says *The Dictionary of National Biography*:

Caius' relations with the society over which he ruled at Cambridge were less happy. Lying, as he did, under the suspicion of aiming at a restoration of Catholic doctrine, he was an object of dislike to the majority of the fellows, and could with difficulty maintain his authority. He retaliated vigorously on the malcontents. He not only involved them in law-suits which emptied their slender purses, but visited them with personal

castigations, and even incarcerated them in the stocks. Expulsions were frequent, not less than twenty of the fellows, according to the statement of one of their number, having suffered this extreme penalty.

Here was the prototype of the Dr. Caius of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Both were physicians, both had the same name—and a latinized college name at that—both had very peppery tempers and liked to use physical violence on the objects of their wrath. And both had no use for Welshmen!

Now who was more likely to know about this character: Shakspeare of Stratford, or Francis Bacon of Cambridge? H. Kendra Baker, in an article entitled *Facts that Fit* published in *BACONIANA*, gives a pointed answer:

Dr. Caius of Cambridge died in July, 1573, when our "gifted" Stratford friend was of the tender age of *nine* years—an age, we must all admit, at which a personal controversy, hardly known beyond Cambridge University circles, was hardly likely to create a profound impression on the youthful mind—even of a "genius"—in the wilds of Stratford. Though the Professor and the students "furiously raged together" at the University—as rage they did—there were no newspapers or doorstep reporters in those days to make such a controversy common property, like Union Debates of modern times. Probably those—and only those—who were in the thick of it knew much, or anything, about it.

And who were in this privileged (or perhaps unfortunate) position! Well, the impressionable and somewhat timid youth, Francis Bacon, was one, for it is recorded, "He entered the University in April, 1573, three months before Dr. Caius' death and in the height of the excitement."

And, it may be added, in an excitement which Bacon's uncle, Sir William Cecil, was called upon to adjudicate and quell.

So much for Bacon at Cambridge. But he also studied at another University, and knowledge of that fact too is revealed in the plays. Bacon became a member of Gray's Inn, and had lodgings there the greater part of his life. Closely associated with Gray's Inn was the Inner Temple. Each bore the other's coat-of-arms over its own gateway. "Of their internal affairs," writes Edwin Reed, "the public knew but little, for guests were seldom admitted behind the scenes."

One of the Inner Temple rules was silence at meals. Members at table made their wants known by signs, and only if absolutely necessary did they use low tones or whisper. Another rule was that members should seat themselves at table "in messes of four, the tables being of the exact length required to accommodate three messes each."

Shakespeare knew these petty rules. One of the scenes of *King Henry VI* is laid in the Temple Garden, where, in the course of a legal discussion on the rights of claimants to the throne, the following is heard:



*Plantaganet*: Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?  
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

*Suffolk*: Within the Temple hall we were too loud;  
The garden here is more convenient . . .

*Plantaganet*: Thanks, gentle sir;  
Come, let us four to dinner.

(Act II, scene iv)

### Reviewing the Evidence

Reviewing the evidence that William Shakespeare, author, was a graduate of Cambridge University, let us first consider the

#### *External Evidence*

According to *The Letter from England*, Shakespeare was a graduate of Cambridge University. The authority that backs this monograph is very weighty for the following reasons:

1. Its author was an exact contemporary of Bacon and Shakespeare.
2. He was himself a graduate of Cambridge University.
3. He was a learned man abreast of the times in matters pertaining to the scholarship and poetry of his day and age—above all, of that concerning his own Alma Mater.
4. The work was published at Cambridge University by the authorities themselves.\*
5. Its author's scholarship and accuracy have never been impugned or even questioned from his day to ours. He is considered an authority by the authorities.

Harmonizing perfectly with these strong facts is the evidence found in the plays themselves, that is,

#### *The Internal Evidence*

1. The poems and plays reveal a knowledge that is academic and University-acquired, and typical of the schools.
2. The early plays betray a curious preoccupation with University life.
3. This knowledge, running through the plays, shows familiarity with Cambridge usages and customs; also a familiarity with matters of England's law University, the Inner Temple.
4. No such knowledge is found in the plays of Oxford usages and customs.
5. A Cambridge professor personally known to Bacon is the model for a principal character in one of the plays, even his name, profession, character, and distaste for Welshmen being given.
6. Shakespeare's knowledge of Cambridge usages and customs is so much a part of him as to be expressed involuntarily and sub-

\*A very important point to remember. Cambridge University would not put out from their own headquarters literature which extolled as illustrious alumni men they considered too low to play within their own precincts, and whom the nation at large considered unworthy of Christian burial. Besides, the actor did *not* study at Cambridge, and Cambridge knew this.

consciously in the unlikely voices of Tamora, Timon, Falstaff, etc.

7. These facts have surprised Shakespeareans who are Cambridge scholars.

So we have both contemporary external evidence that the author of *Hamlet* was a graduate of Cambridge University and the internal evidence of the plays themselves to corroborate it. We find that the orthodox Shakespeare scholars are non-plussed when they attempt to explain how the youngling from Stratford came by his inner sanctum knowledge of this institution. They *assume* that somehow he acquired this knowledge. But they do not know.

On the other hand, we *know*, without having to stretch a single fact, or to suppose anything, that Bacon possessed this knowledge, having come naturally by it. We do not have to *assume* it.

(*∴ Mr Stuart Robb, himself a Canadian and an old Oxfordian, has put a poser to the Stratfordians in his able analysis of the evidence connecting Shakespeare with Cambridge, which they will find it difficult to refute.*

*If any leading Stratfordian feels inspired to attempt a reply we shall be pleased to accord him space in this journal. Otherwise it may be considered as proven that "Shakespeare" was educated at Cambridge University, which eliminates Will Shaksper from the authorship of the immortal Plays.—EDITOR BACONIANA)*

#### THE PLÉIADE AND FRANCIS BACON—(*contd. from p. 141*)

team) as to the portrait of the Pléiade to be viewed in Shakespeare—though it may not be the Pléiade at all! It might be the old portrait of someone else, "painted over." How do we know without applying the "ultra-violet" test? How does one identify a genuine Pléiade?

MYRL BRISTOL

(Mrs. Myrl Bristol, an American member of the Francis Bacon Society, has been indulging in a controversy with both Mr. Gentry and Mr. Johnson in regard to statements they published in *BACONIANA* relating to Francis Bacon's contact or relationship to the Pléiade, when in France. The above witty article was written as a letter for publication but it is rather too lengthy and the subject is of sufficient interest to include it as an article. It is referred to in Editorial Comments.)

# THE *ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA* AND MRS. GALLUP

By T. WRIGHT

RECENTLY, when endeavouring to interest a friend in Mrs. Gallup's decipherment of Bacon's Bi-literal Cipher, I was met with the remark that all that had been exploded, long since, in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, and, evidently, my friend had decided that the *Encyclopaedia* having said so, there was no further ground for argument. Turning to that publication we find that the only reference to the Cipher or Mrs. Gallup is the following:—

Mrs. E. W. Gallup's cipher (*The Bi-Literal Cypher of Francis Bacon*, 1900) was an enterprising advance on Donnelly's; but when it was pointed out that the cipher had made Bacon employ Pope's future translation of Homer, faith was chilled; and the "anti-Stratfordian" temper found new outlets.

In other words, Mrs. Gallup having been found out in practising a deception, her decipherment of the cipher was dropped. Whether the explosion was as effective as made out we will proceed to consider, and I think we shall find, not only it was proved that Mrs. Gallup never made use of Pope's translation of Homer, but also that the *Encyclopaedia's* short reference is inaccurate in every other particular.

As my friend's unquestioning faith in the *Encyclopaedia* is doubtless shared by many of its readers who may not be sufficiently concerned to enquire elsewhere, it seems well to emphasize that it is in no sense an authoritative, official record. It is an ordinary commercial undertaking, based in America, and dependent for its existence on the increasing sale of its books. That being so its appeal must be to the general public at large and its articles will reflect the prevailing or orthodox view. It cannot be expected that in any debatable matter the pros and cons will have been carefully balanced and a considered adjudication given. Rather must it be expected that the operation of a bias towards the majority view, will result in the minority, or unorthodox, view receiving but cursory notice: at least that seems to be so in the present case, where, in an article, "William Shakespeare," extending to forty columns, the Bi-literal Cipher and Mrs. Gallup are disposed of in five lines.

Who was Mrs. Gallup, and what her connection with the cipher? In *BACONIANA*, 1900, p. 50, the following was inserted at the request of the publishers of Mrs. Gallup's book—they having been the publishers of Dr. Owen's book, "Cipher Writings of Sir Francis Bacon."—

Mrs. E. W. Gallup is a lady of extensive literary attainments, now in middle life, a teacher of large experience, having fitted herself for positions of the highest importance by special work, including a period of study in France and Germany. She was for some time, previous to becoming interested in Dr. Owen's



discovery of the Word Cipher in the Plays, at the head of an important educational institution, her special field being literature and the languages. She became associated in the work of developing the Word Cipher of Dr. Owen. During, and after, Dr. Owen's severe illness in 1895, and subsequent ill-health, which prevented him from going on with the work, she with her sister, Miss Wells, completed Vols. VI and VII and a portion of the *Iliad*, found in the cipher. In the early part of 1897, Mrs. Gallup discovered in the facsimile of the Folio, 1623, Shakespeare Plays, the presence of Bacon's Bi-literal Cipher, which discovery led to the examination of original editions of Bacon's acknowledged works. The Cipher was found running through these as well, and confirmed, in the most positive and emphatic manner, both the Word Cipher discovered by Dr. Owen, and this Bi-literal Cipher in the Plays. A continuation of the work yielded some most remarkable revelations, which were put in type and copyrighted in April last, for private circulation.

Now to turn to Mrs. Gallup's book, and, from the introductory remarks, endeavour to understand what were her inspiration and purpose, and what her method. In the "Personal Note," Mrs. Gallup states that the Bi-literal Cipher is found in the italic letters that appear in such unusual and puzzling prodigality in the original editions of Bacon's works; that students have been impressed by the extraordinary number of words and passages (often non-important) printed in italics, where no known rule of construction would require it; that, while assisting Dr. Owen in his work on the Word Cipher, she became convinced that the very full explanation of the Bi-literal Cipher given by Bacon in his *De Augmentis*, was something more than a mere treatise on the subject; and that, applying the rules there given to the peculiarly italicised words and letters in the original 1623 Folio of Shakespeare's Plays, she made the discoveries revealed in her book, which "were as great a surprise" to her, "as they would be to her readers." She concludes as follows:—

I fully appreciate what it means to bring forth new truth from unexpected and unknown fields, if not in accord with accepted theories and long-held beliefs. "For what a man had rather were true, he more readily believes," is one of Bacon's truisms that finds many illustrations.

I appreciate what it means to ask strong minds to change long-standing literary convictions, and of such I venture to ask the withholding of judgment until study shall have made the new matter familiar, with the assurance meanwhile, upon my part, of the absolute veracity of the work which is here presented. Any one possessing the original books, who has sufficient patience and a keen eye for form, can work out and verify the Cipher from the illustrations given. Nothing is left to choice, chance or the imagination. The statements which are disclosed are such as could not be foreseen, nor imagined, nor created; nor can there be

found reasonable excuse for the hidden writings, except for the purposes narrated, which could only exist concerning, and be described by, Francis Bacon.

I would beg that the readers of this book will bring to the consideration of the work minds free from prejudice, judging of it with the same intelligence and impartiality they would themselves desire, if the presentation were their own.

In the 'Introduction,' Mrs. Gallup says that the most remarkable results, and certainly the most unexpected and greatest surprise came from deciphering *De Augmentis* and Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*; and she proceeds—

The extraordinary part is that this edition (*Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1628) conceals, in cipher, a very full and extended prose summary—"argument" Bacon calls it—of a translation of Homer's *Iliad*. In order that there may be no mistake as to its being Bacon's work, he precedes the translation with a brief reference to his royal birth and the wrongs he has suffered from being excluded from the throne. The Cipher also tells that in the marginal notes, which are used in large numbers in the book, may be found the argument to a translation of the *Æneid*, but this has not been deciphered.

In *De Augmentis* is found a similar extended synopsis, or argument, of a translation of the *Odyssey*. This, too, is introduced with a reference to Bacon's personal history, and, although the text of the book is in Latin, the Cipher is in English.

The decipherer is not a Greek scholar and would be incapable of creating these extended arguments, which differ widely in phrasing from any translation extant, and are written in a free and flowing style which will be recognised as Baconian.

Homer was evidently a favourite author, and, in all the books deciphered, it is repeated that the translations, in Iambic verse, will be found in the Word Cipher, and that these summaries are to aid in the production of them.

In the Preface to the Second Edition, it is stated that no less than 6,000 pages of original editions were gone over; the italic letters transcribed into groups of five; and each letter examined for the all-important peculiarities. Mrs. Gallup's final remarks are—

The discovery of the Cipher will doubtless put many on the search, and finding so much will aid in delving deeper, throwing side-lights upon many things that have been incomprehensible, leading to further disclosures of value to the historian and lovers of truth. We would re-echo the wish that further search may be made for original papers, clues followed that may lead to their location, that no stone be left unturned which may seem to cover the hiding-place of manuscript or written line that will clear up any portion of that which remains undiscovered.

There, in the introductory remarks to Mrs. Gallup's book, we have the free expression of her mind and purpose in writing; and I

suggest that to all open-minded, unbiased readers it must be patent that what is there written rings true, and that Mrs. Gallup wrote with absolute honesty of purpose and without guile. If, as the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* suggests, she wrote to deceive, would she have adopted so elaborate a method and have subjected herself to years of laborious, painstaking research? Would she have, so frankly, taken her readers into her full confidence, even before the completion of her work, and invited them to check up on what she had done and share with her the further research? But is she shown to be the type of person that would be so utterly foolish as to seek to foist on the highly-critical literary world, a fraud that must inevitably be shown up? I think not.

When Mrs. Gallup's book was first published, there arose a great storm; and when it was seen that a cipher was shown to exist in the Shakespeare Plays, as well as in Bacon's philosophical works, and that Bacon's authorship was shown to extend to other works, attributed to other writers, the storm broke out in a fury of protest. Mrs. Gallup was a "fraud": the cipher story was an invention: she had "falsified history"; and the translations of the *Odyssey* and *Iliad* showed that she had "cribbed" from other translators, especially Pope. Yet, Mrs. Gallup had attacked nobody, no school of thought, no body of opinion: her only crime was that she had made a discovery which proved orthodox views to be wrong; but *because that had resulted, she herself must be adjudged wrong, and her good faith questioned*, particularly as she was not one of the recognised literary pundits. Even the official side of the Francis Bacon Society seems to have been shaken by the storm, for, within four months of the publication of Mrs. Gallup's book, we find the Council solemnly resolving that the Society was unable to give any support or countenance to the "alleged discovery"! Whatever may have been the extent of the investigation made by the Council in that short time, it could have been in no way comparable with the seven years of arduous cipher research that Mrs. Gallup had carried out. Fortunately, the columns of *BACONIANA* reflected the views of individual members who were able to show that there were good reasons for accepting Mrs. Gallup's book, at least until the would-be critics should have satisfactorily proved their own case against it: and this they have so far not succeeded in doing.

The translations from Homer had drawn a special measure of fire from the critics, and, what appeared to be the most serious charge, "cribbing," Mrs. Gallup promptly met in a reply to Marston's violent attack in the *Nineteenth Century*. In this she wrote—

Any statement that I copied from Pope, or from any source whatever, the matter put forth as deciphered from Bacon's works, is false in every particular . . . Knowing that Pope's was considered the least correct of several of the English translations, yet, perhaps, the best known for its poetic grace, it is hardly reasonable to suppose that I should have copied his, had I been dependent upon any translation for the deciphered matter.



Bacon says his earliest work upon the *Iliad* was done under instructors. There were Latin translations extant in his day, which were equally accessible to Pope a century later. A similarity might have arisen from a study by both of the same Latin text.

I quote this from *The Greatest of Literary Problems* (by James Phinney Baxter), and Baxter's comment on it is as follows—

Anyone who reads and compares Bacon's translations with Ogilby's and Pope's, as the present writer has done, will be fully convinced that the decipherer was not their author. If they were youthful work, they must have been written before Bacon went to France in 1576, and were in manuscript near forty years before being put into cipher. There is no reason why Ogilby, who not far from this time was about Gray's Inn, may not have seen them before making his translation. We find that Pope was familiar with Ogilby. Says Spence, "The perusal of Ogilby's Homer and of Sandy's Ovid filled him with delight." His *Iliad* in manuscript is still preserved in the British Museum, and is interesting as showing variations from the printed work. From Lord Bolingbroke it passed to Mallet who bequeathed it to the Museum. We find Pope thus describing his method of working, which is illuminating—

In translating both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, my usual method was to take advantage of the first heat; and then to correct each book, first by the original text, *then by other translations*; and lastly to give it a reading for the versification only.

This seems to have been overlooked by Marston and other critics, and we call attention to it in support of the decipherer's contention.

Making one's own comparison between Pope's translation and that which Mrs. Gallup gives as her decipherment of Bacon's, one is surprised to find that there is not the least similarity between the two versions, the only common ground being the general story of Homer's poem, which, of course, must be common to all translations and summaries. In fact, it is difficult to believe that the *Encyclopaedia Britannica's* accusation of plagiarism can have been made in all seriousness. In the first place, Pope's version is published as a "translation," whereas that in Mrs. Gallup's book is a mere summary—Bacon uses the expression, "running note"—intended as an aid in deciphering the poem in full elsewhere. Then, Pope's is in metric, rhymed verse, while the other is in prose. Each version has its 24 sections, corresponding to the same number of books of Homer's poem; but the several sections compared, version with version, are not commensurate in length. For example, Book iv, in Pope's translation has 637 lines, but 623 lines in Mrs. Gallup's book; Book xii has 562 lines in Pope's, but only 3 in Mrs. Gallup's; and Book xxiii

Pope's has 1063 lines, but, again, only 3 in Mrs. Gallup's version. Neither Bacon nor Mrs. Gallup seems to have made much use of Pope, as regards Books XII and XXIII!

Mrs. Gallup's decipherment is given as from Robert Burton's *anatomy of Melancholy*, 1628. It opens with five paragraphs in which Bacon gives directions to the decipherer, and refers to what follows as being an aid for the production of translations in Iambic to be found in the Word Cipher. Here let me digress to quote part of what Bacon addresses to his unknown decipherer (Mrs. Gallup!) for it shows his sense of utter dependence on the latter, and his anxiety lest his own efforts in the interests of posterity should be lost. He writes—

Let not my work be lost, for 'tis of importance to many besides yourselfe, and no historie may be complete without it. Indeed the whole nationall record must bee chang'd by a revelation of such a kinde, but if I have not your aide, no eie but my decypherer's, when I am resting from my labours, shall read that which I have prepar'd with such great paines for posterity. Therefore must hand and pen, as wel' as th' braine and a most ready and quicke eye, now effect th' rest. I must leave it in your wise care in future, for my light o' life must ere long be extinguisht, and again I do entreate that you be so diligent that my great labour for truth shall not lie in embryo longer, but come forth, when th' time shall be accomlisht, unto th' day.

Then follow the 24 sections, under the heading, "Argument of the *Iliad*," all in prose, of the nature of what Mrs. Gallup calls, "a very full and extended summary." In Book IV there is a change of form, and the arrangement is (after the opening paragraphs and until before the last one) as for blank verse, although the nature of a summary continues. Following this, to conclude Book IV, there comes this note of Bacon's as deciphered:—

This work is hereafter persew'd after the originall modell, with the argument of the twentie following books given in this manner. The preceding verses, although more then a running note, were written as a supream effort of memorie, yet, also, with a desire—which was naturall—of making the work in some measure easier; for this reason also, much of book three, and the table of the commanders, doth appear in full, but not in the form which it hath in that early poeme. Your part is to seeke it out, and fitly joyn the fragments, to do which you doe not surely need further instruction, but much patience and skill.

Now, if, as is alleged by the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, Mrs. Gallup had recourse to Pope's translation of Homer's *Iliad* for that part of the cipher story, presumably she did so because she was "not a Greek scholar," as she says. That being so, and having decided on Pope as her pattern, would she not have followed his form, style and diction as closely as was expedient, rather than have ventured to adopt the novel and complicated arrangement explained above? If the fuller implication of the allegation is that the whole of Mrs.

Gallup's Cipher story was the invention of her own mind, how is it explained that she—again, "not a Greek scholar"—should have devoted no less than 115 pages, or nearly one third, of her story, to the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, which had nothing to do with Bacon and the Elizabethan era, the subject matter of her book?

But the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* does not answer questions. When it last published the lines to which we have taken exception it could have known (a) that Mrs. Gallup was a person of established integrity, (b) that, with the publication of her book, she gave the assurance of the "absolute veracity" of her work, (c) that, when accused of plagiarism of Pope and others, she promptly and without reservation denied it, declaring that any such statement was "false in every particular," and (d) that, unperturbed by the storm of criticism, she went on to complete her work. The *Encyclopaedia* however, perhaps mindful of Bacon's saying, "What a man had rather were true, he more readily believes," chose not to know. One questions whether the writer of the lines had given any serious consideration to the subject matter, or even read Mrs. Gallup's book, for, apart from the allegation of copying from Pope, his statement is inaccurate in all particulars. He writes of "Mrs. E. W. Gallup's cipher": the cipher was invented and used by Bacon, and Mrs. Gallup merely deciphered what he wrote. He says that her cipher "was an enterprising advance on Donnelly's": Mrs. Gallup's unexpected discovery of Bacon's use of the Bi-literal Cipher was no enterprise, and had nothing to do with, and was not dependent on, anything that Donnelly had done. He insinuates that, upon the showing up of Mrs. Gallup's deception, her cipher story was dropped: Mrs. Gallup, unperturbed by the storm of criticism, went on to complete her work, and the Francis Bacon Society lived on, advancing from strength to strength, maintaining a firm belief in Mrs. Gallup's deciphered story.

So to any members of the Society who may profess to be "not interested" in Mrs. Gallup's book, because of what they may have read in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, let me suggest that they read Mrs. Gallup's book carefully right through, with an open mind, and so form their own opinion. To be effective members, they cannot remain "not interested," and must be in a position to express their own views, and these can only be formed from a first-hand knowledge.



# THE "SHAKESPEARE" QUIZ

or

100 QUESTIONS FOR THE STRATFORDIAN TO ANSWER

arranged by EDWARD D. JOHNSON

## PART I

- (1) Why did Will Shaksper never take the slightest interest in any of the plays imputed to him?
- (2) Why has no manuscript of any play *in his handwriting* ever come to light?
- (3) Why did Shaksper never in any document acknowledge his authorship or even refer to any plays?
- (4) Why does his will make no reference to any of the plays?
- (5) Why is there nothing in his life, as we know it, to connect him with literature in any shape or form?
- (6) Why do "the Shakespeare Trust" tell visitors to Stratford on Avon that the bust of Will Shaksper in the parish church at Stratford was erected prior to 1623, when they know perfectly well that the original bust which depicted a *thin faced man* with a *drooping moustache* and a *ragged beard* with his two hands resting on a bag was taken down in 1748 and the present bust showing a *stout-faced man* with a smirking doll-like face, an *upturned moustache* and *neatly trimmed beard* with his right hand holding a pen and his left hand resting on a piece of paper, erected in place of the original bust.
- (7) Why has the bust been faked by providing a pen and a piece of paper *which were not on the original monument* if it is not for the purpose of trying to connect Will Shaksper the actor and tradesman with literature?
- (8) Why do "the Shakespeare Trust" charge visitors to Stratford the sum of one shilling for the privilege of gazing at a room *which they are told* was where Shaksper was born when "the Shakespeare Trust" know perfectly well that the supposed birthplace is a sham and a fraud for the following reasons:
  - (a) There is no evidence that Shaksper's *father* ever *owned or occupied* the house formerly on the site of the supposed birthplace *until eleven years after Shaksper's birth*.
  - (b) That the cellar is the only part which remains of the house originally on this site.
  - (c) That all the houses in Henley Street that existed 400 years ago have long since been demolished or destroyed by fires which swept Stratford on several occasions. Two years before Shaksper's death there was a fire at Stratford which destroyed 54 dwelling houses and other buildings.
  - (d) That the original dwelling would have been thatched with mud walls, whereas the present birthplace has brick walls timbered with a tiled roof.

- (e) That in R. Wheler's "History and Antiquities of Stratford on Avon" (1806) there is a description of *every public building at Stratford* but there is *no account whatever of the birthplace*.
- (f) That the original local tradition has a pedigree beginning in 1759, 195 years after the death of Shaksper, but in 1760 no birthplace was on view and it was not until David Garrick arranged a Jubilee celebration in 1769 that there was any intimation as to the site of the Birthplace.

(9) Why are the visitors to Stratford told that the cottage known as Ann Hathaway's Cottage was where Shaksper's wife lived prior to her marriage? There is no evidence anywhere that this cottage ever belonged to Ann Hathaway's father. J. O. Hallewell Phillips spent 40 years of his life investigating Shaksper's life but he had to admit in 1882 that "unhappily there is no tradition indicating the birthplace of Shakesper's Ann upon which the least reliance can be placed." The first mention of the cottage at Shottery, now shown to visitors as her maiden residence, was made by Samuel Ireland (father of William Henry Ireland the celebrated forger of Shakespearean documents) in 1795 *nearly two and a half centuries after Ann Hathaway's Birth*.

(10) In 1902 Joseph Skipsey, who for some time had been the custodian of Shaksper's birthplace, wrote a letter to Mr. J. Cumming Walters in which he said "that the chief reason why he had resigned that position was because he had gradually lost all faith in the so called relics which, as custodian, it was his duty to show, and if possible explain, to the visitors at the birthplace." How is it that none of the relics have any definite history, and only serve to perpetuate error and create false impressions?

(11) What has become of Shaksper's armchair which was sold in 1777 and taken away, reappearing again in 1815?

(12) All people agree that the author of the "Shakespeare" plays must have had a very good education. How is it that there is no record that Will Shaksper ever went to school, either at Stratford or elsewhere, no record that any fellow townsman was at school at the same time, no record that anyone at Stratford was able to say that his father or grandfather attended at the same school as the celebrated dramatist? The common people were densely ignorant, they had to pick up their mother tongue as best they could. The First English Grammar was not published until 1586, seven years after Shaksper could have left school, if he ever went to school, which is very doubtful.

(13) It is interesting to observe that nearly all the English dramatists of the 16th century had received a university education or were the sons of landed gentry, with the exception of Will Shaksper. Lyly, Peele, Chapman, Marston, Ford, and Massinger were educated at Oxford; Francis Beaumont, Greene, Marlow, Nash, Jonson, Heywood, and Fletcher at Cambridge. How is it that Will Shaksper is the *only one* who cannot be shown to have received any education at all?

(14) Will Shaksper was a countryman. How is it that he was

curiously unobservant of animated nature? His boyhood was passed among the woods and streams and yet apparently he neither saw or heard anything of the birds and animals of his native county. He should have known something about the habits of bees.

(15) Why therefore do we find in *Henry IV*, Act iv, scene 4, the following erroneous statement referring to bees "our thighs packed with wax, our mouths with honey"? He ought to have known that bees do not carry wax on their thighs but in their tails, and honey not in their mouths but in their stomachs.

(16) Why does "Shakespeare" say that "The old Bees die, the young possess their hive."? Shaksper should have known that there are no generations of bees; they are all the offspring of the same mother. In the play of *Henry V* is a very elaborate description of a bee hive and its inmates which is absolute nonsense with an error of fact in every line, showing that there could have been no personal observation by the author. For example "Shakespeare" in *Henry V*, Act I, Sc. 2, referring to bees says, "They have a King."? Shaksper, the countryman, should have known that bees have no King but a Queen. This statement is of classical origin and "Shakespeare" found it in Virgil's *Georgics IV*.

(17) Why in *Henry V*, Act I, Sc. 2, does "Shakespeare" say that the weasel is a night wanderer and sucks the eggs of the eagle? Shaksper the countryman should have known that the weasel is not a night wanderer and does not plunder Eagles' eyries.

(18) Why does "Shakespeare" in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III, Sc. 5, write of the nightingale, "Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree."? It is only the male nightingale that sings, not the hen bird. Surely, the countryman Will Shaksper should have known better than to make such erroneous statements.

(19) The Stratfordians say that Will Shaksper derived his knowledge of nature from his native county of Warwickshire. In *The Tempest* we are told that Ariel lived under "the blossom that hangs from the bow." The only blossom that hangs from the bough is the cherry blossom as neither apple nor plum blossom hangs downwards from the bough. In Shaksper's day cherry trees were not found in Warwickshire but only in Kent, Surrey and Essex. Is not this an indication that the author was a southerner?

(20) The author of the "Shakespeare" plays described with accuracy the animals of the chase and is familiar with the aristocratic sport of hunting. Shaksper left Stratford before he was 21 and spent the next twenty years in London. It is unlikely that he could ever have seen a boar hunt. How therefore is it possible that he could have given us the superb description of the boar and its chase which we find in *Venus and Adonis*?

(21) The play of *Love's Labour's Lost* dated 1589 is all about the Court Life at Navarre with an accurate description of French manners and customs, and clearly shows that the author, whoever he was, must have been resident at the French Court, also that he was both a scholar and a philosopher. How could Shaksper of Stratford at



the age of 24 have obtained the familiar knowledge of French politics and courtly fashions in the French Court displayed in this play, if he had never been to France?

(22) How was it possible for a young man coming straight from a small provincial market town with only 1,500 inhabitants—a man who was the son of parents neither of whom could write, a man who if he ever went to school (which is very doubtful) left at the age of 13, could within a few years master the language of the Court and show an intimate acquaintance with aristocrats?

(23) How is it that this man could become an intimate friend of the Earl of Southampton, as the author of *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* must have been, as is indicated by the dedication of these poems to the Earl of Southampton?

(24) How is it that no biographer of Southampton has ever been able to trace that any association whatever existed between Will Shaksper and Southampton?

(25) In 1594 there was published a quarto edition of *Titus Andronicus*, in 1597 a quarto edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, in 1598 a quarto edition of *Henry IV Part 1*, in 1600 a quarto edition of *Henry V*. All these plays were published *anonymously*, which seems very extraordinary if they were written by Will Shaksper who as a coming playwright would naturally want all the publicity he could get and there would be no object in his hiding his light under a bushel. How do the Stratfordians account for these facts?

(26) In 1597 there were published quarto editions of *Richard II* and *Richard III*; in 1604 there was published a second edition of *Henry IV Part 1*; in 1600 there was published a quarto edition of *The Merchant of Venice*. All these plays are stated on the title pages to have been written by William Shake-speare. If the author desired publicity and wished the public to know that those plays had been written by Will Shaksper—why divide the name by a hyphen, thus showing that the author was the man who shakes the spear?

(27) The Publication of the "Shakespeare" plays began in 1597 and continued without a break to 1604. The plays themselves show that the author during this period of 1597 to 1604 was *living in London* in touch with the literary and theatrical life of that time.

How is it that Will Shaksper during this period of 1597 to 1604 was not living in London but at Stratford, having purchased New Place in 1597 and between 1597 and 1604 was engaged in trade at Stratford, buying land and lending money to his neighbours? There is no record that Shaksper had even a *temporary* residence in London during this period. Is it for these reasons that the Stratfordians agree that Shaksper never took any part in the publication of the Plays?

(28) *Venus and Adonis* is written throughout in the purest, most elegant and scholarly English of that day without a trace of local patois. As we all know, different counties in England each have their own peculiar, well-marked dialect and pronunciation, and it is quite easy to tell from a man's conversation if he comes from say Lancashire or Yorkshire. When Will Shaksper came to London he

must have spoken the Warwickshire dialect or patois; why is there not a trace of this in *Venus and Adonis*?

(29) In *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III, Sc. 5, we read, "The county Paris, at *St. Peter's church* shall happily make thee there a joyous bride." How did Shaksper know that there was a St. Peter's church in Verona unless he had seen it and that this church was quite close to the reputed mansion of the Capulets?

(30) In the same play Act IV, Sc. 1, we read—"or shall I come to you at *Evening Mass*." The Stratfordians, in their ignorance say that this is a mistake as in Italy, mass was only celebrated in the morning. On the contrary, at the Cathedral of Verona, mass was said in the evenings even though it had been expressly forbidden by the Pope. How did Shaksper know this fact if he had never been abroad?

(31) In *The Merchant of Venice* "Shakespeare" tells us that Portia went to Padua to seek *legal* aid for Antonio. Why to Padua? Because Padua had a famous university which granted *legal* degrees recognised as qualifications for Venetian lawyers. How could Shaksper know this if he had never been abroad?

(32) Portia in this play obtains the help of a lawyer Bellario. The name Bellario is that of an old Paduan family, whose descendants still live there. Why should Shaksper choose the name Bellario for his character if he had never been to Padua?

(33) In *Othello* "Shakespeare" writes of "The Sagittary." It appears that in Venice there was a residence for the commanding officers of the Army and Navy and in front of this building were four statues, one of which was the figure of an archer with a drawn bow. The Venetians called this residence "Il Sagittario" (the archer).

How could Shaksper know this if he had never visited Venice?

(34) In *The Merchant of Venice* is a character Launcelot Gobbo. The name Gobbo is a peculiarly Venetian name not found in other cities. How could Shaksper know this if he had never visited Venice?

(35) In the *Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV, Sc. 3, we read, "Like to a censer in a barber's shop": a censer was a kind of brazier used by barbers in Southern Italy to keep the water hot.

How did Shaksper know this if he had never visited Italy?

(36) In *Othello* we read, "Forsooth, a great arithmetician our Michael Cassio, a *Florentine*." If Shaksper had never visited Italy, how did he know that men from Florence were in great demand all over Italy as book-keepers, because the study of mathematics was a speciality of Florence?

(37) In *Othello*, Act I, Sc. 1, we read, "raise some special officer of the night." How could Shaksper know that in Venice there was a special night police called "Signori delle notte" until he had visited Venice?

(38) If Shaksper had never visited Italy, how is it that the *Merchant of Venice* displays an *intimate* acquaintance not only with the manners and customs of Italy but with the minutest details of domestic life? As in Act II of *The Taming of the Shrew* Gremio gives

a complete list of all the goods and gear with which his house is stocked *including a number of goods never seen in England but only in the palaces of Italian nobles.*

(39) How did "Shakespeare" if he had never visited Italy know that in that country a betrothal of two people is carried out by the father of the girl joining their hands in the presence of two witnesses, as we find in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act II, Sc. 2.

(40) In *The Merchant of Venice* we find the following—

"This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick. It looks a little paler: 'tis a day such as the day is when the sun is hid."

Act V, Sc. I.

In Italy, the light of the moon and stars is almost as yellow as the sunlight in England.

How did Shaksper know this if he had never been in Italy?

(41) In *The Winter's Tale* we read—

"The Princesse hearing of her mother's statue, a peice many yeeres in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano."—Act V, Sc. 2.

Here we find Guilio Romano described as a rare *sculptor* but in Shaksper's time Romano was known *in England* as a painter and architect only, *not as a sculptor*. Vasari, however in 1550 and again in 1568, described him as a sculptor—on both occasion *in Italian*, not in English. This means that "Shakespeare" must either have studied Vasari in the original Italian or else have actually been in Mantua and seen Romano's sculptured works. No evidence exists that Shaksper could read Italian or had ever travelled abroad.

(42) In Shaksper's day, there was at Venice a common ferry at two places, Fusina and Mestre, the ferries in Venice being called Tragetti.

In *The Merchant of Venice* we find "Unto the tranect, to the common ferry which trades to Venice."

The word "tranect" appears to be a misprint for "traject"; presumably the printers would not understand such an uncommon expression as "traject".

If Shaksper had not *personally* visited Italy, how did he know that there was such a ferry?

(43) In *The Merchant of Venice* Portia and Nerissa travel from Mantobellow to Padua and we find in this play the line "For we must travel *twenty miles* to-day" Act III, Sc. 4. How did Shaksper, if he had never visited Italy, know that the exact distance from Mantobello to Padua is *twenty miles*?

It is no use the Stratfordians saying that the author of *The Merchant of Venice* could have obtained his knowledge of Venice from any description of that city *published in England*, because this play was written in 1600 and the first printed description of Venice is Coryat's dated 1611.

(44) In *The Taming of the Shrew* Lucentio changes places with his servant Tranio and in doing so calls himself Cambio. Why should

(continued on page 184)



## FRANCIS BACON AND THE STAGE

BY R. J. W. GENTRY

The claim that the Shakespearean Plays owe their origin and being to Francis Bacon regularly induces the derisive question in retort: "How may a man whose genius was so obviously in philosophical inquiry and whose fame rests mainly on his incursions into dry-as-dust natural history be regarded for one moment as the world's greatest dramatic poet?"

Sometimes the point is more abruptly made: "Can you imagine the author of the *Novum Organum* ever writing *Romeo and Juliet*?" The questioner usually believes that no reasonable answer is conceivable, and having fired off this conclusive query, imitates the example of jesting Pilate.

Such seemingly keen thrusts are, of course, really evidence of ignorance or casualness. They arise from the assumption that a man whose caste of thought and expression happens, in some works, to be precise, detached, level and dispassionate, could not possibly think and write in any other mode; that his style is one, constant and unalterable, his preoccupation always with things, and only with human beings in so far as they constitute suitable specimens for scientific analysis.

This view is nullified at once by study of Bacon's writings in general. The hand of the poet and sympathetic friend of man is not altogether absent for long from any of them. In the *Essays* especially is his interest in *human* behaviour manifest. The thought has obviously been long masticated and well digested; the verbal form finally given to it is the outcome of a scrupulous care for preciseness and economy. Their tone and feelings give them the character of a wise man's intimate comments on life to his closest friend. The phrases run together with epigrammatic nicety, yet with a sensitive feeling for the rhythm and music of words. They are rendered impressive and memorable by the deliberate art of their compiler, an art, one would say, which is essential to the hand of the playwright. "Certainly it is heaven upon earth, to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth." (*Of Truth*); "It is as natural to die, as to be born; and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other." (*Of Death*); "...virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue." (*Of Adversity*); "All rising to great place is by a winding stair..." (*Of Great Place*); "Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set." (*Of Beauty*); how many of such sentences may readily be culled from the profusion of verbal excellences to be found in the *Essays*.

In all of Bacon's works the hand of the poet only too readily reveals itself; the tongue of the orator is always falling into the accents of studied eloquence. Listen to the voice of Lord Chancellor Morton as reported in the *Henry VII*: "...it is the king's desire, that this peace, wherein he hopeth to govern and maintain you, do not bear only unto you leaves, for you to sit under the shade of them in safety; but also should bear you fruit of riches, wealth and plenty: therefore his Grace prays you to take into consideration matter of trade, as also the manufactures of the kingdom, and to repress the bastard and barren employments of moneys to usury and unlawful exchanges; that they may be, as their natural use is, turned upon commerce, and lawful and royal trading....the king is well assured that you would not have him poor, that wishes you rich; he doubteth not but that you will have care... to supply him with your loving aids. The rather, for that you know the king is a good husband (man), and but a steward in effect for the public; and that what comes from you (the commons), is but as moisture drawn from the earth, which gathers into a cloud, and falls back upon the earth again." Not a very far cry, this, from the tenor of Menenius' speech in the first scene of *Coriolanus*.

The speech of King Henry himself before the parliament called in the seventh year of his reign, has also more than a touch of Shakespearean power about it, couched as it is in the words of Bacon: "...now that I mean to make a war upon France in person, I will declare it to you myself... God hath hitherto blessed my sword. I have, in this time that I have reigned, weeded out my bad subjects, and tried my good. My people and I know one another, which breeds confidence: and if there should be any bad blood left in the kingdom, an honourable foreign war will vent it or purify it. In this great business let me have your advice and aid. If any of you were to make his son knight, you might have aid of your tenants by law. This concerns the knighthood and spurs of the kingdom, whereof I am father; and bound not only to seek to maintain it, but to advance it: but for matter of treasure let it not be taken from the poorest sort, but from those to whom the benefit of the war may redound. France is no wilderness; and I, that profess good husbandry, hope to make the war, after the beginnings, to pay itself. Go together in God's name, and lose no time..."

The tones and sentiments of Henry VII are at least a reminiscence of those of Henry V on a similar occasion, when the King, in the first act of the Play, cries:

"...my lords, omit no happy hour  
That may give furtherance to our expedition;  
For we have now no thought in us but France,  
Save those to God, that run before our business.  
Therefore let our proportions for these wars  
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon  
That may with reasonable swiftness add  
More feathers to our wings...."

Again, anyone reading Bacon's *Discourse in the Praise of his*

*Sovereign*, his *Advertisement Touching an Holy War*, his *Considerations Touching the Plantations in Ireland*, his *Observations upon a Libel*, his political and legal speeches, can scarcely doubt of his surpassing gifts as an orator, or fail to recognise such abilities as the writing of fine declamation must essentially require. It would seem that the idea of Bacon's incapacity in these directions is not altogether beyond question.

If it may be conceded, then, that it was well within Bacon's powers to turn his pen to dramatic composition, the next consideration that naturally arises is that of his own personal attitude to the stage itself. How was he disposed towards the theatre? What are his actual declarations upon the subject?

In the *Advancement of Learning* Bacon states his conviction that the poetic form is a most valuable vehicle for setting forth the inner movements of the human mind and heart. He says: "...for the expressing of affections, passions, corruptions, and customs, we are beholden to poets more than to philosophers' works." Since an integral part of his thoroughgoing investigation of phenomena was to be that study which we today would call "human psychology," and his aim nothing less than to offer to all men the means of instruction about *themselves*, we might well expect him to have used the method he recommends as admirable for that very purpose, namely, drama. For no better way of exhibiting the truths and relations of those sciences which are nearest to human nature as such, sciences "drenched in flesh and blood", as he terms them, could be found. Like "Shakespeare", Bacon was ever more interested in *human* nature than any other kind of being; indeed, he is always ready to explain the behaviour of inanimate things in terms of *human* conduct.

The training he early embarked upon for a diplomatic career, wherein skill in the dissection of human motive is a paramount qualification, must have developed his innate talent for the reading of men's characters. And his whole life was set by fate in a *milieu* crowded with extraordinary personalities, and framed in colourful romance or deadly intrigue. When a mere youth of sixteen, he was despatched to France as a member of the suite of Sir Amias Paulett, the English Ambassador. At the French court, which was notably devoted to culture, there must have been every facility open to him to enjoy the plays forming a conspicuous feature of the royal entertainment. L'Estoile records that Henry invited a celebrated troupe of Italian performers—the Gelosi—to come to Blois. The director of this famous company was Flaminio Scala, who belonged to the nobility and who was a man of extensive accomplishments. Besides being a versatile actor, he wrote over fifty scenarios. From such a widely experienced man of the theatre, for instance, the young Francis would have readily learned much of stage technique and developed an appreciation of plays which was to remain with him the whole of his life.

On his return to England in 1579, Bacon found playhouses being built in London. He took up his abode in Gray's Inn and applied



himself to legal studies. But these by no means obliterated his interest in the stage. From that year on many performances of masques were contrived at the Inn, and there is evidence that Bacon was actively associated with not a few of them. The witness of such activities is of cardinal importance in the case for Bacon's authorship of the Shakespearean plays. Without proof that he had ever composed dramatic works of any kind, the other evidence loses its main buttress. Hence, his hand in the dramatic entertainments which were prominent in the hospitality provided by the members of the Inns of Courts for dignitaries of state has especial significance.

Begley, in Bacon's *Nova Resuscitatio* (Vol. II), writes: "If we read and properly interpret the letters of Harvey and Immerito in 1580 and a little earlier, we shall not find it difficult to believe that Francis Bacon, in the decade 1580-1590, brought out several pleasing and 'decorous' comedies, whether at Gray's Inn or before the Court circles..." A play in the Senecan style, *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, was produced before the Queen at Greenwich in 1587. "The body of the play is from the hand of Thomas Hughes, but various members of the Inn contributed." Begley gives it as his opinion that Bacon directed others in the production of such pieces and that "here it was that he gained... practical knowledge of plot and scene." In the same author's *Is it Shakespeare*, also we read: "He had a great deal to do with the Masques at Gray's Inn, and the Devices for the Earl of Essex; we may say, in fact, that he was the prime mover, producer, and author of several pieces of this description, and yet his name is kept out of the business in a most marvellous manner. His contemporaries (e.g. Rowland White and others) write full descriptions of these Devices and Masques in letters to their friends, and do not so much as mention Bacon's name except on one occasion... The Earl of Essex gets all the credit for his Device, and the inference universally is that he was the author of the libretto. But it was nothing of the kind; it was Bacon who wrote the speeches, and perhaps we should *never* have known this for certain unless some rough drafts in Bacon's own writing had accidentally been preserved in the Gibson papers, and the famous Northumberland MS. had revealed to us other pieces of Bacon's work. Bacon was one of the greatest literary fabricators (especially of letters for other men) and one of the greatest concealers and cancellers of his own literary work that perhaps ever existed, apart from professional impostors. He would fabricate 'Apologies' with the greatest readiness for this man or that, or write letters in their name, either to them or from them, and imitate the style required admirably."

With regard to the Device for the Earl of Essex produced in November, 1595, Spedding says (*Letters of Bacon*, Vol. I) of a contemporary report, "...it serves to identify as belonging to (the entertainment) a paper without heading, docket, or date, found in the Lambeth collection; which paper is further proved, by some notes and portions of the rough draft still extant in Bacon's handwriting, to be of his own composition." The papers from Bacon's hand consist of certain speeches, as that of the hermit or philosopher, the squire's speech in

the tilt yard, the hermit's speech in the presence, the soldier's speech, the statesman's speech, and the reply of the squire. Spedding adds that "there can be no reasonable doubt that the foregoing speeches were written by Bacon."

The discovery of the Northumberland MS. bore out Spedding's views. On the outside leaf forming its cover is a list of contents, among the items of which we note *Speeches for my lord of Essex at the tilt*, which Spedding identifies with the speeches of the hermit, the soldier, the secretary, and the squire. He tells us that there is a page in Bacon's "most careless hand," which seems to be a discarded beginning but which explains the design: "The persons to be three—one dressed like an *heremite or philosopher*, representing contemplation; the second like a *captain*, representing fame; and the third like a *counsellor of state*, representing experience; the third to be given to the squire as being the master of the best behaviour or compliment, though he speak last." The internal evidence derived from a study of the speeches (given in full by Spedding, VIII) shows that Bacon was the author. One slight example must suffice here. The hermit says: "...that hill of the Muses is above tempests, always clear and calm; a hill of the goodliest discovery that man can have, being a prospect upon all the errors and wanderings of the present and former times. Yea, in some cliff (?) it leadeth the eye beyond the horizon of time, and giveth no obscure divinations of times to come."

The squire will have none of this and replies: "You, Father, that pretend to truth and knowledge, how are you assured that you adore not vain chimeras and imaginations? that in your high prospect, when you think men wander up and down, that they stand not indeed still in their place, and it is some smoke or cloud between you and them which moveth, or else the dazzling of your own eyes? Have not many which take themselves to be inward counsellors with Nature proved but idle believers, that told us tales which were no such matter?" Abbott points out that Bacon himself has blamed "the tenderness and want of compliance in some of the most ancient and revered philosophers, who retired too easily from civil business that they might avoid indignities and perturbations, and live (as they thought) more saint-like." Bacon, he says, appears to have undergone a change of mind between the *Device* of 1592 and that of 1595, from which the extracts above are taken. "The vagueness of the prospects of philosophy seems at this time (1595) to have impressed him with new force, and to have been contrasted with the present and substantial realities of a life of action. There is no other period in Bacon's life to which we can point with more probability as being the time when he was 'made to waver', as he tells us, and tempted to set Science on one side."

There is a marked difference in the tone of the earlier *Device* of 1592, described in the Catalogue of the Historical Manuscripts Commission as "Folio, A 'Conference of Pleasure' by Francis Bacon." At the top of the original document are the titles of four speeches by him, probably delivered at the *Device* in honour of Queen Elizabeth.

They are "Praises" to Fortitude, Love, Knowledge, and the Queen herself, in the following terms:

- "The Praise of the worthiest virtue";
- "The Praise of the worthiest affection";
- "The Praise of the worthiest power";
- "The Praise of the worthiest person".

The third speech, published as a tract, *Mr. Bacon in Praise of Knowledge*, "triumphantly proclaims the advent of a new philosophy that will carry all before it." (Abbott, *Francis Bacon*). An extract shows that optimism which differentiates it from the *Device* of 1595: "Are not the pleasures of the affections greater than the pleasures of the senses, and are not the pleasures of the intellect greater than the pleasures of the affections? Is not that only a true and natural pleasure whereof there is no satiety? Is not that knowledge alone that doth clear the mind of all perturbations? How many things be there which we imagine are not? How many things do we esteem and value more than they are? These vain imaginations, these ill-proportioned estimations, these be the clouds of error that turn into the storms of perturbations. Is there then any such happiness as for a man's mind to be raised above the confusion of things, where he may have a respect of the order of nature and the error of man? . . . . Therefore no doubt the sovereignty of man lieth hid in knowledge wherein many things are reserved which kings with their treasures cannot buy, nor with their force command; their spies and intelligencers can give no news of them: their seamen and discoverers cannot sail where they grow. Now we govern nature in opinions, but are thrall to her in necessities. But if we could be led by her (in) invention, we should command her in action. Pardon me, it was because almost all things may be indued and adorned with speeches, but knowledge itself is more beautiful than any apparel of words that can be put upon it."

This is rather reminiscent of Shakespeare's sentiment in 2H6, iv, 7, where we find:

- "Ignorance is the curse of God,
- Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven."

and LLL, iv, 3, in which occurs the reflection:

- "Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
- And where we are our learning likewise is".

Bacon, although he once wavered in his intention of devoting himself to the life of contemplation rather than the active life, yet wavered only momentarily, and ultimately decided that the seeking of power over nature through science and art should be his favourite concern, especially after his fall convinced him that worldly power, even when sought as a means of furthering knowledge, was but a snare and a delusion. But his early eulogy of the beauty of intellectual power was certainly spoken in a noble oratory that marked him out as a superb declaimer.

(To be concluded)



# COMYNS BEAUMONT'S QUIZZICAL QUIZ

By R. L. EAGLE

**I**N my article entitled "The Cipher and the Concealed Poet" (BACONIANA, Spring 1949), I asked if it could be proved that Mrs. Gallup's division into "A" and "B" founts was according to any rule or method and, if so, whether she revealed the formula. On this point Mr. Beaumont is silent, yet everything depends upon it. Without this knowledge nobody can work the cipher, or honestly say that they have checked her. The rule, if any, would need to be equally applicable to the types used by many different printers.

I have searched everywhere without the discovery of anything which can be called evidence supporting a secret marriage between Elizabeth and Dudley, either before or after she became Queen. Mrs. Gallup's "decipherment" from the *Parasceve* (1620), states that the marriage took place while they were prisoners in the Tower in 1558.

Dudley had married Amy Robsart at Sheen Palace in 1550 in the presence of Edward VI. Elizabeth would have known that in marrying him she would be privy to bigamy on his part. Mr. Beaumont does not allude to the "secret marriage" of the princess and Dudley in 1558, but merely says that "she underwent a secret or morganatic marriage with him after the murder of Amy Robsart," which occurred in September 1560.<sup>1</sup> It would be interesting to know the date of this event. The date of Francis Bacon's birth must have been alarmingly near. This later date for the secret wedding (was it a second secret marriage?) would have postponed Dudley's bigamy until 1578 when he married the widowed Countess of Essex, whose husband he is suspected of having had murdered in Dublin. In the previous year Dudley had an "affair" with Lady Sheffield resulting in the birth of a son who was named Robert. After Leicester's death she endeavoured to get this Robert recognised as heir to the earldom, but though she produced correspondence with Leicester to support a marriage, and his admission that he was the father, the witnesses to the marriage were dead, and her action failed. The story is told in *Leycesters Commonwealth* (1584), and, in more detail, in Milton Waldman's *Elizabeth and Leicester* (Collins, 1944) pp. 147-152.

How it would have been possible to have kept even *one* marriage between Elizabeth and Dudley a secret is puzzling enough. At both secret weddings there must have been priest, witnesses and attested documents, otherwise neither marriage nor issue would be legal. Priests had to report to their bishops before and after a marriage, and further entries in registers made. If there was any impediment the

<sup>1</sup>Had the first marriage taken place, Dudley would have lost no time in silencing the living proof of his bigamy. She would not have been allowed to live another two years. She was not murdered because he had married Elizabeth, but because she stood in the way of his ambition to do so.

bishop banned the marriage. The rules were strict, and the Church powerful. No priest would dare conduct a marriage without the proper formalities and authority. Without such authority the witnesses would be incriminated. What division would have occurred between Church and Crown, and what the consequences would have been in such a case, is not difficult to estimate.

I agree that Amy Robsart was murdered to further Dudley's insatiable ambition which was to marry the Queen. The unknown author of *Leycester's Commonwealth*, who was very well informed, gave reasons for arriving at that conclusion. It was the opinion, which few dared express, of nobility and people. Leicester was detested for the evil influence he had over the Queen, and in politics. The author of *A Yorkshire Tragedy* (stated on the title-page to be "Written by William Shakespeare!") wrote, some time between 1605 and 1608:

I'll break your clamour with your neck: down stairs!

Tumble, tumble, headlong! (*Throws her down*)

The surest way to charm a woman's tongue

Is break her neck. A politician did it.

So close were the relations between the Queen and Dudley in 1560 that gossip, rumour and scandal were inevitable. Royalty has always been the prime objective of the gossipers and rumour-mongers. It still is, even in these days of rapid and universal distribution of news. How much more was it the case when "news" was conveyed by word of mouth ever "growing by what it fed on!" De Quadra, the Spanish Ambassador, writing early in 1561, to the King of Spain, said "There is no lack of people who say she has already had children, but of this I can find no trace, and do not believe it." Surely this spy who was in contact with the Court would have known had the Queen given birth to a child. He was anxious to report anything to her discredit. At this very period, Leicester was intriguing with De Quadra who was urging the suit of the Archduke Charles; and also with the Huguenots who proposed the Prince of Orange, promising each in turn to support Catholicism or Protestantism if either would promote his marriage. He was clearly not married to her early in 1561 when Francis Bacon was born.

From the various private and state papers, the reports of foreign ambassadors and other agents and spies, it is possible to find out whether or not the activities and movements of the Queen were consistent with her alleged condition before, during and immediately after 22nd January, 1560-1, when Francis was born at York House. I find, for instance, that only eight weeks previously there is a record in the Hardwick State Papers (Vol. 1, p. 163) that "she hunted all day with her lords, and in the evening came from Eltham to Greenwich and gave audience to a messenger, Mr. Jones, specially sent by her ambassador in Paris, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, to warn her of the malicious reports spread there about herself and Dudley." She replied indignantly denying anything "which either touched her honesty or her honour."

The gentlemen of the Inner Temple were busy in January rehears-

ing *Gorboduc*, having been commanded to perform it at Whitehall on 18th January. Is it likely that this would have been arranged, and have taken place, if the Queen had been expecting a child about that time? Medical knowledge was primitive, and incapable of determining accurately the probable date of birth. Even today, mothers often upset a doctor's calculation. On the actual day of Bacon's birth she was at Whitehall, and handed to Archbishop Parker her mandate for certain alterations in the Book of Common Prayer. The records are preserved in the State Domestic Papers. Bacon's birth on that day is confirmed by his baptism on 25th January at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields as the son of Sir Nicholas. It was the custom to baptize infants on the third day. It was on the 22nd January 1620-1 that he celebrated his 60th birthday in the house where he was born.

One other point made by Mr. Beaumont calls for comment. I remarked on the absence of those numerous Latin extracts with which Bacon scattered his prose writings,<sup>2</sup> and observed that if Mrs. Gallup was not a Latin scholar, she could not have inserted them even by inspiration. I consider their absence significant. Mr. Beaumont replies that, without knowing Greek, Mrs. Gallup succeeded in "working out" 564 lines from Book IV of the *Iliad*; 6,500 lines from the *Odyssey*, "together with a synopsis of the complete *Iliad*, occupying some 28,000 words." The decipherment from Homer's works appears in verse, and Mr. Beaumont asks how a lady "not educated in the classics could do this?"<sup>3</sup>

If no translation of Homer had been available, then the argument would have been insuperable. We should only be left to marvel why "the wisest of mankind" should have wasted a colossal amount of his precious time in undertaking such a task when he could, with perfect safety, and to his eternal credit, have made and published a translation of the whole of Homer in a minute fraction of the time required to insert these fragments into cipher, and on the remote chance that anybody would ever unravel it. Chapman translated the whole of Homer's works, and began publishing them in 1598, dedicating the work to Essex. My knowledge of ancient Greek is not worth consideration, but I can read Homer in any of the numerous translations available, and anybody with a mind and ear for verse could produce yet another version without reading a line of the original. I cannot see that any proof lies here as to the presence of the biliteral cipher. On the contrary, the very claim made by Mr. Beaumont appears so fantastic that it tends to strengthen my point of view.

I must not conclude without paying tribute to the Editor who, in spite of his inflexible devotion to the cipher stories, has allowed this exchange of views. That is as it should be, and what, I feel sure, readers desire. They are now able to sum up, and form their own

<sup>2</sup>Mr. Eagle does not appear to be aware of the fact that the cypher in the Latin texts where used is in English words.

<sup>3</sup>The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in Mrs. Gallup's decipherment were written in English not in Greek.



conclusions. This would be impossible for many if the cipher, like the Stratfordian faith, assumed, as Sir George Greenwood, wrote, "the position of an established religion with its priests, its creed, its anathemas and its excommunications."

With the support of the Press and the B.B.C., the professors can make statements without the risk of being publicly challenged. Offer to meet them in open debate, and they will take refuge in silence behind their "iron curtain."

The Editor might have chosen to imitate such tactics, but he has genuine faith in his convictions. However much I may disagree with him I applaud a courageous and fair opponent.

Following the publication of Mrs. Gallup's work, members of The Bacon Society, individually and collectively, gave it serious and impartial consideration. It is interesting to observe in *BACONIANA*, January 1901, that:—

"In view of the failure to produce satisfactory key-alphabet for the cipher narratives, declared by Mrs. Gallup to have been inserted by Francis Bacon in various books, and the inconclusive nature of her demonstrations, the Society is unable to give support or countenance to the alleged discovery."

In publishing this Resolution of the Council, passed at their Meeting held on 5th December, 1900, the Editor added that "the above will not preclude a free discussion of the subject in this journal."

If this Resolution has never been rescinded (and I do not believe it has) it must still be considered official.

(Mr. Eagle is permitted to have the last say and I suggest that we had best let sleeping dogs lie on the subject where we disagree. All that I would remark is that Mr. Eagle's interpretation of history of the Elizabethan period seems to be narrowly governed by the official State records of the time as though they must *ipso facto* be regarded as sacred gospel. If their object was to throw dust in the eyes of Elizabethan lieges and future generations, they have successfully bamboozled Mr. Eagle.—C.B.)

## AN APPRECIATION OF MABEL SENNETT

By MINNIE B. THEOBALD

THE death on April 17, last of Miss Mabel Sennett a most valuable member of the Francis Bacon Society and Chairman of the Council, came as a shock to her many friends. Her passing on was due to a stroke after which she never regained consciousness. For nine days she lay on the borderland of life and death then passed peacefully away on Easter Sunday, a perfect withdrawal for her, a great shock and loss to her friends.

Mabel Sennett had a brilliant mind and a resourceful and witty manner of expression. During her many years of work at the Post Office Savings Bank she spent all her leisure in different branches of research. The number of lectures she attended it would be difficult to over estimate. Among these were the University Extension Lectures arranged at the Post Office after office hours, each year dealing with a different subject. She was connected with the Post Office for forty years and certainly she seemed to have studied carefully at least forty different subjects! She was a trained psychologist and worked for the Psychological Aid Society. Each year for her summer holidays she planned trips which would be not only enjoyable but instructive so that her mind had a wealth of detail all ready to come forth. She had the true royal Irish mind, witty, intuitive and as clear as crystal. One year she visited America, another year Greece and Crete, and so forth. But it was our privilege to have her with us in our family circle at Christmastide every year for fifteen years, and what a pleasure it was to listen to her and my late brother provoking each other with witty epigrams as the small Christmas gifts were handed round. She was an original member of my Group for Sacred Dance and Drama and her dignified walk, and stately presence were a joy to watch whether she danced, acted, recited or led a procession across the stage at the Everyman, the Lyric or Margaret Morris theatres. She took part in every one of our performances.

Mabel Sennett was very reserved, few of her friends knew much about her inner life which was as real to her or more so than her outer life. She supported me in my belief that there was in the Elizabethan Era a Group Mind working through, not only Francis Bacon, but through a congeries of learned men at that period, a regular Round Table. To develop some understanding of the possibility of Group Mind activities was one of the branches of her inner psychological research.

She was greatly interested in the study of root words and names, and in her little book just published, entitled "His Erring Pilgrimage" she called attention to the possibility of inner meanings within the names which occur in the Shakespeare plays. In all religious and mystical literature Names are of profound importance. In the

Egyptian religion one of the vehicles of the soul is called the Name. We are a Francis Bacon Society and Francis Bacon was a contemplative. He was connected with the Order of the Rosicrucians, and I believe re-introduced Masonry into England. Mabel and I were collecting data about the re-appearance of names and happenings which might suggest the approach of some life-push into our world now which last took place in the Elizabethan period, and we had in contemplation an article entitled "The Elizabethan Age and the Periodicity of Time."

Mabel loved solving riddles and puzzles, the mystery surrounding Francis Bacon's birth and death intrigued her. Was Francis Bacon of royal birth or not? Did he actually die when he froze a chicken, as the story goes, or was it a feigned death? Did Francis Bacon die at the age epoch sixty-six (or thereabouts) as did Mabel Sennett and my brother (late president of this society), or did Francis Bacon allow it to be given out that he died, but in reality retired to the continent to finish the period of one hundred years, the natural life span for an Initiate? This was the problem my brother was investigating and studying before he died, and for which he had arranged a trip to Germany, when war broke out and stopped everything. And so again another attempt to probe into the profound mystery which lies at the back of the Bacon Shakespeare problem was frustrated, still awaiting the true moment for its natural unfoldment.

All such ideas and problems must be associated with Mabel Sennett if we are to attempt to visualize her inner life and to try still to hold contact with the working of her excellent versatile mind, which kept as clear as crystal and as sane as possible even when dealing with these inner mysteries. A vegetarian, staunch teetotaler and non-smoker she accepted the disciplines necessary for those who choose to lead the Contemplative Life and try for inner vision—Vision of things as they really are and not only as they appear down here dramatized in our world of illusion, the play ground of ever moving time and perpetual change,—change from life through death to resurrection. The body may die but the mind still lives on; then may friendship change into the true inner companionship of the Round Table.

#### MRS. VERNON BAYLEY

We greatly regret to announce the death of Mrs. Vernon Bayley, information of which has reached us as this issue is going to press. Mrs. Bayley, who died after a brief illness on June 21st, at her residence "Cherrycroft" High Wycombe, was almost the oldest living member of the Society, for many years a Member of the Council of the Society and a few years ago was elected a Vice-President. We understand that she has left her valuable library of Baconian works to the Society. We offer our condolences to her daughter in her bereavement. Mrs. Bayley was a fervent upholder of the royal birth of Francis Bacon.



MR. ALFRED DODD'S LATEST CONTRIBUTION TO  
ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE

**M**R. ALFRED DODD'S new book<sup>1</sup> adds another to the monument which he has erected as a memorial, and as a vindication of the great philosopher and dramatist.

The author has been described as "the greatest living authority on the life of Francis Bacon."

A previous work of his is *The Martyrdom of Francis Bacon*,<sup>2</sup> and like the book under present review, it is full of facts; and it is facts which count in this immense subject,—they speak for themselves. We may not all agree with the inferences which Mr. Dodd draws from these same facts, but we have them spread before us in treble-fold double, so that we may use our own intelligence upon them inferentially.

The book is divided chronologically and the career of Francis Bacon can be followed from his birth through the Elizabethan Age: it concludes with the death of the Queen.

We understand that a further volume, will deal with events in the succeeding reign till Bacon's "passing" in 1626. The first chapter deals with the Mediæval Era, and it analyses the condition of learning and culture at that period and draws a tragic picture of the persecution to which the intellectual giants were subjected. The author notes the persecution of such men as Copernicus, Bruno, Galileo, and mentions the astounding fact that Francis I of France actually issued Letters Patent for the suppression of printing: he shows how the proscribed intellectuals were driven to make use of "disguised writing,"—cryptography.

Secret writing during this period was not merely a hobby, or just a convenience, but an absolute necessity in communications between individuals holding views which were contrary to the existing authority, or government: the intellectuals were driven into underground activities where they maintained their cultural contacts by means of cyphers and cryptographic writing, such as *double entendres*, anagrams, printing errors, special type-setting, hieroglyphics, allegorical pictures, emblematic head and tail pieces, watermarks, etc.

Mr. Dodd emphasises that he is not attacking any Church in his epitome of persecution, but asserts that this was equally rampant both in the Protestant and Catholic Churches.

The author maintains that the spirit of the Age induced Bacon to follow the examples of ethical teachers like Pythagoras, Virgil and Dante in founding a secret school of disciples for the propagation of their principles.

The still vexed question of the alleged Royal Birth of Francis Bacon and the Earl of Essex is dealt with, but it is not proposed to discuss it here.

<sup>1</sup>*Francis Bacon's Personal Life Story*, by Alfred Dodd, (Rider 30s.)

<sup>2</sup>*The Martyrdom of Francis Bacon*, by Alfred Dodd (Rider 21s.)

In passing it may be recalled that the short review in the Spring Number of *BACONIANA* of Mr. Dodd's book by "C.B." contains a statement where it is asserted that the illustration on the jacket of his book displays a "royal crown": the present writer begs to point out that this is not so: the coronet shown is that of a Viscount, or is intended for such, though only five pearls are apparent of the nine which appertain to this rank: it could not be that of a Baron, who is only entitled to four; the error may be attributed to the small size of this honourable distinction shown in the illustration on the jacket.

On page 50, Sir Anthony Cooke's seat in Essex is given as "Geddy" Hall; the usual orthography is "Gidea," though a variant is "Giddy."

Mr. Dodd deals with Francis Bacon's home environment and indicates how much he was indebted to it and Sir Nicholas and Lady Bacon for his cultured mind,—one which gave early indication of future eminence. Incidentally, Lady Bacon, who died in 1610, aged over eighty, must have supplied Francis Bacon with data for portraying the pathology of mental aberration, for she was in the words of Bishop Goodman "little better than frantic in her old age."

Attention is drawn to "a little Banqueting House" dedicated to the Liberal Arts which stood in the orchard at Gorhambury, "the pictures which adorned it being of *such Men as had excelled* in each."

It may be recalled in this connection that as early as A.D. 720 the Pear Garden College was founded in the palace of one of the T'ang Emperors, which laid the foundation for stage training in China. A tradition that Bacon could read Latin at a very early age is mentioned, and also that he learnt also Greek, French and Italian. His French tutor is said to have been Sir Amyas Paulett, son of the Governor of Jersey: his Italian tutor, John Florio.

There are some excellent illustrations in this book, among which are the portraits of Sir Nicholas and Lady Bacon: the former by his appearance well justified Queen Elizabeth's quip:

"Sir Nicholas Bacon's soul is well housed."

He was indeed a most corpulent man: the illustration appears to be taken from the portrait in the National Portrait Gallery, though the original is not named.

There is also an illustration from a painting at Gorhambury of Francis Bacon as an infant; in it his right hand appears to be grasping a globe. The author quotes David Lloyd (*The Statesmen and Favourites of England*, 1665) in indicating the precocity of young Francis:

"At twelve his industry was above the capacity and his mind beyond the reach of his contemporaries"

There are other portraits of Francis Bacon; one at eleven years of age from a bust at Gorhambury, and another at eighteen from a drawing by E. M. Ward, R.A., after Hillyard (or Hilliard): the words round this latter portrait testify to his mental endowments

"*Si tabula daretur digna animum mallet*"

(If only his mind could have been painted)

On page 97 the author, after quoting part of Sonnet xcv (60 in

the author's numbering) refers to the "next" Sonnet (CXXVII? in 1609 Edition of *The Sonnets*) and asserts that this sonnet was written as the result of a Royal Ball given by King Henry IV and Queen Marguerite, which lasted until the small hours of the morning: Bacon is stated to have taken his leave of the Queen privately at dawn: Mr. Dodd does not give facts, as far as the present writer is aware, to support this surmise. The next paragraph, perhaps, supplies a key to what is in his mind, and indicates that he is not dealing with proved facts, but only a supposition in regard to the events which are alleged to have inspired the Sonnet in question. He writes:—

"It is a fact in history that about this time Queen Marguerite created a sensation at a State Ball by appearing in a wonderful black gown, which matched her black hair, eyebrows and complexion."

Judging by antithesis it would appear that the statement regarding the inspiration of this Sonnet given in the preceding paragraph was not a fact, but merely a conjecture of the author's own.

Let us leave conjectures to the Stratfordians,—they need them!

Having written thus, the reviewer would emphasise again the factual value of this book.

On page 125 Dean Church is quoted with effect:—

"Those early years to 1588 *were busy ones*, but they are more *obscure years* than might be expected in the case of a man of Francis Bacon's genius and family, and of such eager and unconcealed desire to rise and be at work."

The author maintains that these labours were secret work "to create a Renaissance of Thought, to begin a Universal Reformation of the Whole Wide World."

Mr. Dodd stresses Bacon's connection with Masonry and Rosicrucianism and asserts that he adopted two methods of teaching, one public, and one secret: this fact cannot be in doubt to any student of his works, where these are mentioned with emphasis again and again.

Facing page 209 is a portrait of Robert, Earl of Essex, from a miniature by Hilliard, which forms a marked contrast to the portrait in The National Portrait Gallery, where the Earl is shown with a full Victorian-style beard—no doubt a later portrait.

Chapter IX is devoted to the relations of Bacon and Essex to the Queen, and Chapter X also deals with the two former.

The enmity and suspicion in which they were held by the two Cecils, William, Lord Burghley and Robert, his son, later Earl of Salisbury, is touched upon: this dislike would readily account for the slow progress in his political career of Bacon during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when these two were in power.

In conclusion we would say that this book is a striking tribute to the author's industry and a valuable contribution to Baconian literature by reason chiefly of its assembly of facts: it is upon these that our case must rely.

W.G.C.G.



## CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of *BACONIANA*

Sir,

### THE BACON COAT-OF-ARMS

I sent the illustration of the Bacon coat-of-arms dated 1592, as reproduced in *BACONIANA*, January 1949, to The College of Arms, requesting a search as to whether Francis Bacon had been granted Arms, and for a report on Morgan Coleman's picture.

In the Windsor Herald's report there is much heraldic language which is difficult for one 'not of the craft' to follow. There is also the full descent of Sir Nicholas from the 13th century. I merely give, therefore, a summary of the main points, but shall be pleased to forward the report to any member who wishes to see it.

It now transpires that:

1. The Arms shown are those confirmed to Sir Nicholas in 1568.
2. All the sons of Sir Nicholas were entitled to use them.
3. Francis Bacon did not apply for, and was not granted, his own Arms. He never used any other than those of Sir Nicholas.
4. The Arms in the lozenge, at the top right-hand corner, are those of Cooke of Gidea Hall, Essex. These are in respect of the union with that family through the marriage between Sir Nicholas and Anne Cooke.

I have discovered that Morgan Coleman was a friend of Anthony Bacon. In September 1593, Francis Bacon was anxious to obtain the position of solicitor-general, and gave Anthony a letter to send to Morgan Coleman to be delivered to Lord Keeper Puckering. Coleman, who was Puckering's secretary, replied from Kew that his lordship's answer was "that he would speak with Mr. Francis Bacon at the return of that gentleman (from Twickenham)." Coleman adds, "But whatever it is, it seemeth no great comfortable success for him, which I observed by the manner of his lordship's speeches, as wishing him well."

This correspondence is in the third volume of Lambeth manuscripts fo. 195, and is referred to in Birch's *Memoirs of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth* (1754) Vol. 1, p. 123.

Other letters exchanged between Anthony and Morgan Coleman are preserved at Lambeth in the second volume of correspondence (folios 141-143). Coleman wrote on 8th September, 1592, thanking Anthony for an invitation to Gorbamby. He informs him of the state of pestilence in London, and the taking of a Spanish argosy "laden with a viceroy, many ladies, and others of great account, with infinite substance, millions at least."

He wrote again from London on 12th September giving an account of the arrival of this prize at Plymouth. On 23rd September Coleman wrote that owing to the plague, he had now removed "into a solitary place near London, situated in the midst of many gardens, far from neighbours, though not far from my former habitations." No doubt this was Puckering's house at Kew. "Here," he adds, "I am not idle, feeding myself with my papers, which, I trust, will deliver fruit pleasing to yourself." As this was the year in which Coleman was engaged upon his illuminated manuscript, it is tempting to assume that he is alluding to his work upon it.

Sir John Puckering became Lord Keeper on 28th April, 1592, and presumably Coleman entered his service at that time. Puckering died at his house at Kew in 1596. Coleman was admitted as a student at Gray's Inn on 1st November, 1596, but there is no record of his being called to the Bar. As he matriculated at some Oxford College in 1582, he must have been at least thirty years of age when he was admitted to Gray's Inn.

Further investigation and enquiries into the life, family and friends of Coleman are being pursued, and it is hoped to bring forward in the next issue of *BACONIANA* some interesting information about him.

Yours faithfully,

R. L. EAGLE

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(Open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.)

To the Editor of *BACONIANA*  
Sir,

“KITE” OR “CROW”?

Your correspondent Mr. James Arthur Crow who describes himself as “a foreigner” and “not a match for a Kite’s wit” (such as it is), exhibits such a mastery of English as to raise a *prima facie* suspicion that he must have been educated in this Island of Britain. He appears to charge me with a lack of gallantry and charity and also, alas! hypocrisy: I do not take this indictment too seriously and assume it is just “Fanny’s pretty way”—or possibly, as regards the last and positive charge, his long residence abroad may have imbued him with the current conception alleged to be held on the Continent of British (or English) Hypocrisy. I prefer to let others defend me from these charges—I cannot modestly do so myself. I do not understand why your correspondent is domiciled at “The Hague,” I should have expected a more appropriately corvine habitat—Rheims! (See The Ingoldsby Legends). Perhaps he has, like Francis Bacon is supposed to have done, retired abroad to complete some *Magnum Opus*—“*Wit’s Treasury*” perhaps?

I notice how the rooks (if not crows), in this western shire where I live, are in the habit of attacking the soaring buzzards; these latter birds are allied to the Kite: the smaller bird seems the more pugnacious, but the Kites soon wing their way clear of their attackers.

Old birds are not caught with chaff or chaffing; let pigeons peck up peas:—

“*Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves.*”—Virgil

After all, “A jest’s prosperity lies in the ear  
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue  
Of him that makes it.”—*L.L.L.*, v. II.

Yours faithfully,

KITE

THE “SHAKESPEARE” QUIZ—(contd. from p. 166)

Shaksper use the name Cambio unless he had a good knowledge of the Italian language, because the word Cambio means exchange?

(45) From 1585 to 1600 Corregio’s famous picture of Jupiter and Io was in the palace of the sculptor Leoni at Milan and was on view to travellers.

In the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew* we read—“We’ll show thee Io as she was a maid, and how she was beguiled and surpris’d as lively painted as the deed was done,” which is clearly a reference to Corregio’s picture at Milan. How could Shaksper have inserted these words in the play if he had never seen the picture at Milan?

With regard to the last seventeen questions it must be remembered that there were no guide books for the use of travellers in those days, so the author of these plays could not have gathered his local knowledge of Italy from such sources and must have visited Italy in person.

(to be continued)





# The Phoenix and Turtle.

By William Shakespeare



THE PHOENIX AND THE TURTLE

[Design by Holmes Watson]